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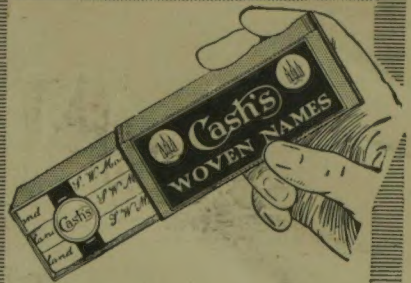


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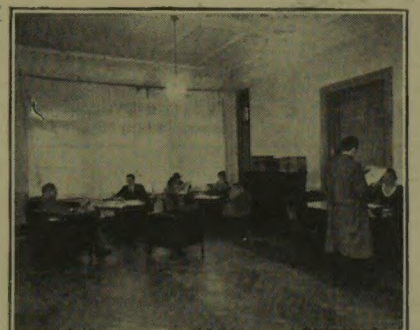
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1932.



THE MOUNTAIN GORILLA IN ITS NATIVE WILD IN THE CONGO FORESTS: THE FINEST PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG FEMALE EVER TAKEN AT CLOSE RANGE.

In this number we publish the first instalment of an article, by Lady Broughton, describing a recent expedition to the Eastern Congo for the purpose of photographing gorillas in their native wild, and of obtaining specimens of the surrounding vegetation, to aid in the making of a new habitat group at the Natural History Museum. Lady Broughton's article (which will be continued in a later issue) is

accompanied by some remarkable photographs of gorillas taken by herself, with others illustrating curious phases of native life. As she points out, these gorillas belong to the mountain, or Kivu, species (*Gorilla gorilla beringei*), distinct from the lowland type (Gaboon or Cameroon) represented by the two gorillas recently placed in the "Zoo." The above specimen was photographed at an altitude of 9000 ft.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LADY BROUGHTON. WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED. (SEE HER ARTICLE ON PAGES 710 AND 711 AND FURTHER PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 712 AND 713.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the house of a friend I happened to pick up a volume of modern plays, which were recommended as very modern plays and, rather especially, as very successful plays. They included, indeed, one play of which the theme is in theory ancient and the treatment in a sense modern, but which is much too good to be classified under either of those dead terms of chronology. I mean Mr. Clifford Bax's play about Henry VIII. and Katherine Howard; the play which is called "The Rose Without a Thorn," and really deserves its title, in so far as the dramatist has made a beautiful thing bloom without being entangled in the thorny difficulties of the subject, so that the story is a story, and is neither bad history nor vulgar modernisation. The collection also contained a really clever play by a dramatist whose recent and very tragic death is to be deplored in so many aspects, and not least in that of the promise of the not very promising modern drama. But, taking the collection of plays as a whole, we may fairly say that they do represent the rapid and rather breathless style of modern dramatic dialogue; the somewhat blank and inconclusive moral of most modern drama; and all the abruptness, unrest, and lack of intellectual sequence which marks so much of modern literature. A great deal of that is to be excused as the etiquette of an epoch. Men in the eighteenth century were proud of ending a sentence, not only because they were orators, and it was therefore a rounded sentence, but also because they were wits, and the sting was in the tail of the sentence. However frigid or detached they might be, in the manner of Voltaire or Talleyrand, they did start a sentence with the intention of finishing it. Some of the wits in contemporary comedy seem almost too frigid and detached to start a sentence, let alone to finish it. They seem to welcome being interrupted; which is fortunate, as they always are interrupted. They seem almost as much relieved not to have to finish their sentence as if it were a sentence of ten years penal servitude.

But this, as I say, is a matter of fashion and form. The eighteenth-century writers overdid the rounded and complete phrase; the writers of the twentieth century overdo the broken and suggestive phrase. The former seems heavy and turgid to the latter; the latter would seem simply half-witted to the former. But the real interest is not of this sort in the case of either. The real interest is in certain fundamental ideas, and even ideals, that are behind the difference. Even in the loosest comedy, even in the most conversational repartee, the men of the Age of Reason had the classical ideal, which is the ideal of completeness. The point of the repartee was a point in the sense that it was an end; as the point of a needle is the end of a needle; as the point of a sword is the end of a sword. Indeed, as it happens, the needle of epigram did sometimes end with the sword of destruction. The eighteenth-century epigram might end with a duel, but it did not end with a dash. It was not an unfinished sentence; it might be a slander, but not half a slander. Now the fragmentary character of much modern dialogue arises from an idea of spontaneity; an idea which has its spiritual value, but is at least quite contrary to the classical ideal

of completeness. The modern dramatic person is so spontaneous that he starts speaking before he knows what he has to say, or whether he has anything to say. It is easy to pit one sort of dialogue against the other; to say that the new has the advantage of being rapid; to reply that the old has the more obscure advantage of being reasonable. But the interest really lies, as I have said, in the sincere ideal which the authors and their generation really share.

their moods. A man was disguised in temperament, as his grandfather was said to be disguised in liquor. The practical effect of this spontaneous speech was only that each person turned the ragged edge of his nerves on another. But his nerves are no more himself than his speeches or his sonnets or his sublime translations of Virgil; not half so much. Hence the modern comedy is a tragedy; it is a tragedy of cross-purposes; not in the old crude fashion, because a

man dresses up as his brother or a woman hides in a cupboard from her husband, but because not one character is at any moment a complete character. He is not a complete character, because he does not talk a complete language; because he cannot even complete a sentence. In one of these plays a young man has the painful experience of being pestered by a girl who loves him and whom he does not love. His reaction, in the modern phrase, is to jump up and shout at her, "Don't blow down my neck." That is what he says; but it is not what he means. He afterwards gets drowned in saving her life, merely to show that it is not what he means. That seems to me an unnecessary tragedy.

Chastelard, in the play of that very venerable and respectable Victorian, Algernon Charles Swinburne, is confronted with exactly the same difficulty, and detaches himself from it with much more ease and common sense. He does it by the simple process of behaving like a gentleman to the lady. He says (it must be admitted, in two lines of correct decasyllabic metre), "If ever I leave off to honour you, God give me shame; I were the worst churl born." Now, I think it quite likely that if the modern hero had said that to the modern heroine (even in decasyllabics) instead of saying, "Don't blow down my neck," I think it is perfectly possible that she might not have jumped into the river and he might not have been drowned. There are degrees even of despair, and delicacy does make a difference. But the point is that Chastelard really did (though in decasyllabics) say what he meant; and the poor neurotic in the new tragedy did not in the least say what he meant. He only said what came into his head, or, rather, what escaped the control of his head. In so far as the classical writers believed that everything, even emotional expression, is more complete and correct under the control of the head, I think they

were perfectly right. And I do not think that this new emotional expression is really even an expression of emotion. It is an expression of nervous exasperation, which is quite a different thing. It runs like an irritant jazz tune through nearly all these dialogues, and falsifies even their sincere claim to the virtue of Candour. The man is not really speaking his mind. He is speaking all the annoyances and entanglements that have got between him and his mind. And the woman, whose personality dominates so many of these plays, is in this respect a rather constant type; even if she is a constant type of inconstancy. She is the woman who always says, at the supreme moment of the drama: "If you say another word I shall scream"; the effect of which is somewhat lessened by the fact that she has obviously been screaming all the time.

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IN view of the very great interest aroused by our publication of the remarkable series of PHOTOGRAPHS OF AIR FIGHTS in our issues of October 8, 22, and 29, we shall give in OUR ARMISTICE DAY NUMBER (published on Friday, November 11 and dated Nov. 12), THREE MORE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE SERIES. Each of these is of outstanding importance, and one of them is, perhaps, the most astonishing, as well as the most poignant, of the series.

Those who wish to secure copies of the issue in question will be well advised to order them now, or they may be unable to obtain all they need. Orders should be given to newsagent or bookstall, or sent to the Publisher of "The Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The ideal of the twentieth century is something which the eighteenth century would have called Candour. The ideal of the eighteenth century was something which the twentieth century would have called Art, in that full sense in which the completed work of the artist speaks for the common man better than his own mere candour could speak for him.

Now, in reading these plays, often bright and sometimes brilliant, I was haunted by that question. Is Candour, in the sense of mere spontaneity, a better expression of the real self than wit or rhetoric or formal poetry, or any of the classical modes in which men once recorded their more lasting passions or memories? It seemed to me that, in the best of these plays, people were not speaking their minds, but only spluttering

ROME CELEBRATES FASCISM'S DECENNARY.

Signor Mussolini celebrated the tenth year of Fascism on October 28 by opening the new Roman highway, the "Via dell' Impero," that has been cut between the Piazza Venezia and the Colosseum. This remarkable street is bordered, from one extremity to the other, with a number of the most famous buildings that have come down to us from antiquity. On one side lie the Forum and the Basilica of Trajan, the Forum of Augustus, and the Forum of Nerva; on the other the newly uncovered Forum of Julius Caesar, the old Roman Curia, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and the Basilica of Maxentius. Down this "avenue of the ages" Il Duce rode, with General Gazzera, the Minister of War, on one hand and the Chief of Staff of the Militia on the other. He rode rapidly up to the Colosseum and then, turning back, took up his position. The first files of the procession were already debouching from the Piazza Venezia. The banners of ninety-three legions of ex-Service men were followed by representatives of all the forces of Fascist Italy, Bersaglieri, Arditi, boys of the Balilla, young men of the Avanguardia, and lastly, 13,000 war-wounded militiamen.



THE NEW "VIA DELL' IMPERO" THROUGH ROME, OPENED ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF FASCISM: FASCIST FORMATIONS MARCHING UP TOWARD THE COLOSSEUM.



THE OPENING OF THE "VIA DELL' IMPERO," WHICH RUNS FROM THE PIAZZA VENEZIA AND IS BORDERED WITH HISTORIC MONUMENTS: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, ON HORSEBACK, CUTTING THE TAPE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WORCESTER.



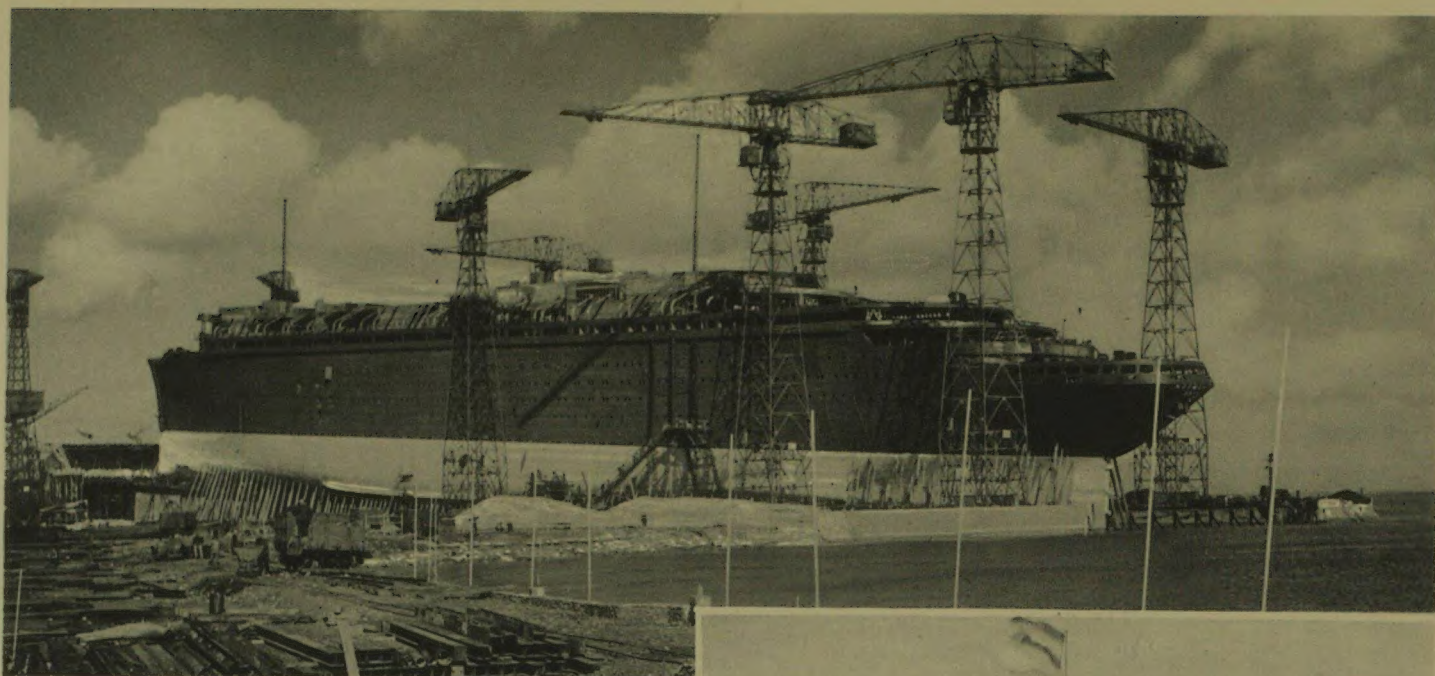
THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE WIDENED BRIDGE AT WORCESTER: H.R.H. CUTTING THE RIBBON WITH A CAVALRY SWORD USED AT THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER—MR. AND MRS. BALDWIN ON THE RIGHT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.



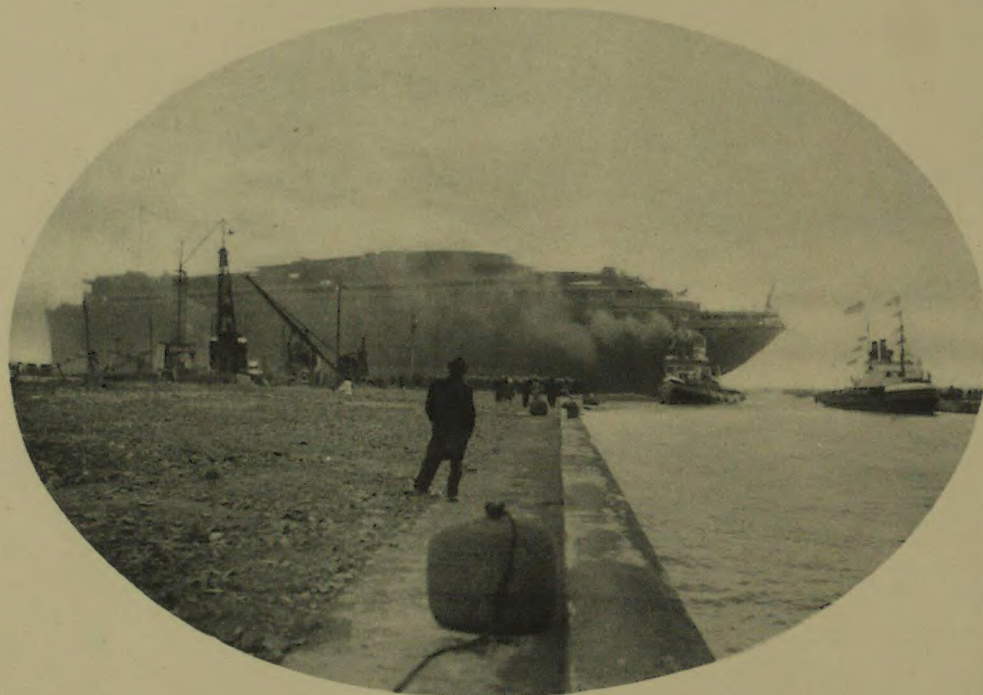
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO WORCESTER TO OPEN THE RECONSTRUCTED BRIDGE: THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME BEING READ AT THE GUILDHALL—THE MAYOR (MISS DIANA OGILVY) ON THE PRINCE'S RIGHT.

On October 28 the Prince of Wales was accorded an enthusiastic reception after flying to Worcester to open the reconstructed bridge across the Severn. The bridge has been nearly doubled in width to deal with increased traffic; the approaches on each side have been widened; and a by-road round the centre of Worcester has been constructed for the use of traffic between Birmingham and Wales. The total cost of the scheme was £56,000. His Royal Highness also opened extensions to the Infirmary buildings, including a new nurses' home, two operating theatres, an orthopaedic block, and a pathological laboratory, which have cost £60,000. To this sum Sir William Morris, who was born in Worcester, had contributed £26,000, so that the new buildings are free of debt. After landing, the Prince first proceeded to the Guildhall, where he received an address of welcome. Having carried out his various engagements, his Royal Highness paid a visit to the unemployed centre in Worcester, and expressed his delight that good progress had been made with the work. On another page we give a general view of the reconstructed bridge.

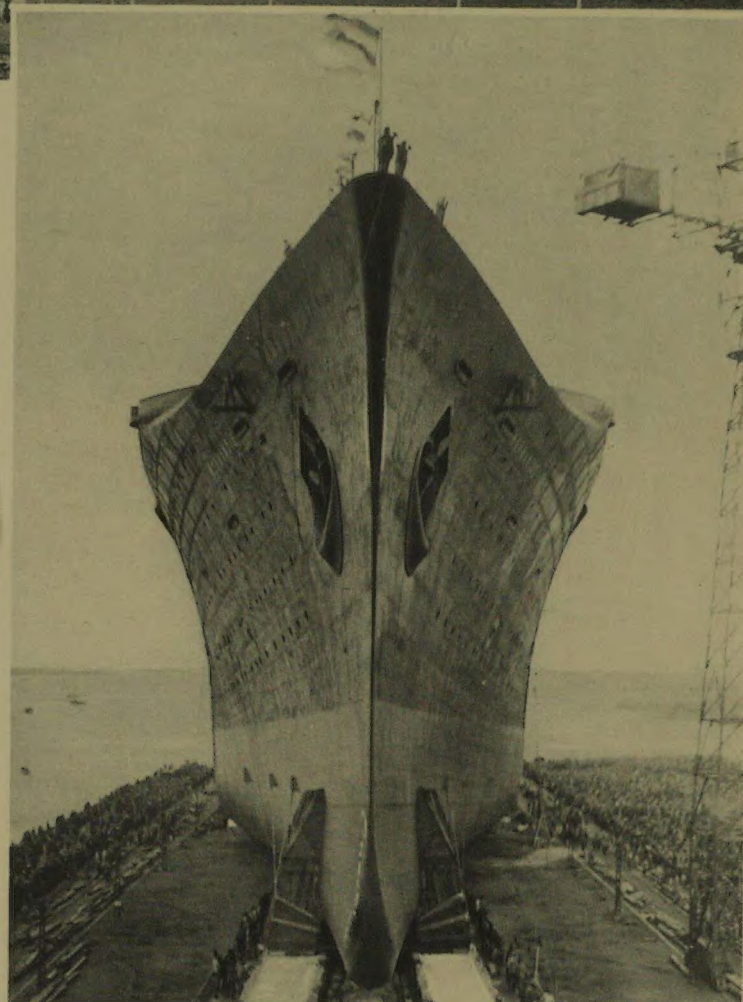
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AFTER THE LAUNCH: THE NEW 75,000-TON FRENCH LINER, "NORMANDIE," BUILT TO COMPETE
FOR THE "BLUE RIBBON OF THE ATLANTIC," IN THE WATER AT ST. NAZAIRE.



THE "NORMANDIE" SLIDING, STERN FIRST, DOWN THE SLIPS INTO THE
WATER: A VIEW FROM BEHIND THE BOWS—HER ENORMOUS SIZE INDICATED
BY THE MEN ON DECK AND ON THE GROUND BELOW.



THE MINIATURE "TIDAL WAVE" CAUSED BY THE LAUNCH OF THE HUGE
VESSEL: A TUMULTUOUS BACKWASH THAT SWEEPED MANY SPECTATORS INTO THE
WATER.



THE SPONSOR OF THE "NORMANDIE": MME. LEBRUN, WHO PERFORMED THE
NAMING CEREMONY BY CUTTING A TRICOLOUR RIBBON, WITH HER HUSBAND,
PRESIDENT LEBRUN (THIRD FROM RIGHT), AT THE LAUNCH.

France has made a bid for mercantile-marine, as well as naval, pre-eminence by building the world's largest ship—the new 75,000-ton liner "Normandie," of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique—to gain the "blue ribbon of the Atlantic" in 1934, when she will be completed. She was successfully launched at St. Nazaire on October 29 (one of the two days in the year with the highest tides), in the presence of the President of the Republic, M. Lebrun. After the clergy had blessed the ship, Mme. Lebrun performed the naming ceremony. From a

little platform beside the bows, she cut a tricolour ribbon attached to a bottle of champagne, which broke on the vessel's side. Tugs then manoeuvred the ship into a new lock (serving also as a dry dock) built to accommodate her. To get such a huge vessel safely into the water necessitates close calculations of speed, weight, gliding angle, and depth, and at one time there was only 4 ft. between her keel and the channel floor. To lubricate the slipway were used 43 tons of tallow, 24 tons of lard, and over a ton of soap, costing in all £1500.

FRANCE'S REPLY TO THE GERMAN "POCKET" BATTLE-SHIPS.

DRAWN BY OSCAR PARKES, EDITOR OF "JANE'S FIGHTING SHIPS."



THE "DUNKERQUE," WHOSE CONSTRUCTION HAS JUST BEEN DECIDED ON, AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED:
A FRENCH BATTLE-CRUISER FIRST DESIGNED IN REPLY TO THE GERMAN "POCKET" BATTLE-SHIPS.

The French Government recently decided to proceed with the construction of the 23,000-ton battle-cruiser "Dunkerque," designed at first as a reply to the German "pocket" battle-ships of the "Deutschland" class. Building was postponed in the hope that Germany might not carry out her full programme, but the recent laying-down of a third "pocket" battle-ship determined the French to proceed. The new battle-cruiser is technically a "replacement" unit under the Washington Treaty. In a note on his drawing, Dr. Oscar Parkes writes:

"At first it was suggested that a 17,500-ton battle-cruiser, carrying 8 12-in. guns, would be a suitable match for the 10,000-ton German ship with her 6 11-in. guns, but, with a Treaty allowance of some 35,000 tons to play with, France decided to build with an eye to the future and invest in a ship which would be a match for nearly anything afloat or likely to be built. An armament of 9 13.2-in. and 8 6-in. guns is to be mounted. As seen in the illustration, the big guns will be in three triple turrets, two forward and the third aft."

THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT.

I.—THE NATURE OF LIGHT.

By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG, O.M., F.R.S., Fulleren Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution, and Director of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.
(See Illustrations on the opposite Page.)

Sir William Bragg has written for us, as in some previous years, a series of six articles condensing certain of his delightful lectures in popular science. His subject—Light—is of special interest just now, in view of the Optical Exhibition to be opened at the Science Museum, South Kensington, on Nov. 19. Sir William's articles are again illustrated by diagrams specially drawn, under his supervision, by Mr. G. H. Davis. Here follows the first of the series. Particulars of the rest are given in the footnote on the opposite page.

LIGHT brings us all the news of the universe, telling us of what is happening, or has happened, both near to us and in the depths of space. The light from the sun is part of the flood of energy which the sun pours upon the earth, thus making life possible. In these later days it is becoming recognised that there is an even closer relation between light and matter, and that in some mysterious way they are interchangeable. If, therefore, we speak of the Universe of Light, we give to Light no more than its due.

It is no easy matter to guess what the nature of Light might be, even if we try to account only for its most obvious properties. In the first place, it travels in straight lines, as we see on a great scale when the rays of the sun pierce the clouds and shine on the earth below, or in a thousand everyday effects on a smaller scale. It travels through space with enormous velocity, 180,000 miles a second: this follows from astronomical observations. It is scattered and reflected when it meets material objects, and sometimes goes through them; and, one of the most curious properties of all, two rays can pass through one another without any mutual action. For instance, we can shoot the rays from two arc lanterns so that they make bright spots upon the screen, and we can arrange for the two rays to cross at one point; yet neither interferes with the other. If we colour one of the rays red, the other spot on the screen shows that the ray which makes it has not picked up the least trace of red when the two rays intermingle for a short space.

Opinions as to the nature of light have wavered between the more material conception of particles shot out by the luminous body and finally entering the eye; and that of a wave motion set going by the source of light and travelling through space, borne by some medium otherwise intangible and imperceptible. The two rival theories are usually associated with their first early champions, Newton and Huyghens respectively; and their respective followers have experimented and argued with great ingenuity and with much profit to the advancement of knowledge. Some of the older objections seem very odd now: as, for example, that of the advocates of the wave, when they said that no particles could possibly travel at so high a speed, that the eyes could be blocked up with particles, that two people could not look into each other's eyes because the particles would meet in the middle and fall down. Their opponents pointed out that the waves of the sea turned corners with ease, and asserted that light, if it were a wave motion, should have the same property—that is to say, we should be able to see round a corner. We see now the crudity of such arguments, and at present, guided by arguments which seem to us to be in a different class, we suppose that both theories are somehow right; and we are trying to solve the fascinating problem of the simultaneous truth of two ideas which look irreconcilable. Experience tells us that such a situation is not only very entertaining, but likely to be extremely fruitful.

For the moment, let us adopt the wave theory and suppose that the sun sends out waves which come to us by way of an "ether." We do not waste time in argument about the existence of the ether: we say simply that light behaves as if it were a wave motion in some medium which we call the ether, and we go on to see how the facts of observation fit into this view. We may find in the end that it is insufficient; but we shall find that at least it goes a long way. It enables us to tie up quite a large number of facts into a bundle which we can then handle with great ease.

We may learn a number of things about wave motions by studying the behaviour of ripples in a tank filled with water. If the bottom of the tank is of glass, the rays from an arc lantern may be shot through from below, so that the rippling may be seen upon the screen. We quickly find that the conditions already set out are largely satisfied. The ripples, like all waves, move straight ahead; they can be scattered and reflected; and, in particular, they satisfy the difficult requirement that they pass through each other without any mutual action. We see that trains of waves, produced by shaking the tank or by disturbing the water, pass through each other and come out on the other side as if there had been no encounter. The only point on which we are not satisfied at once is that to which Newton drew attention—that is to say, waves do tend to swing round obstacles and turn the corner.

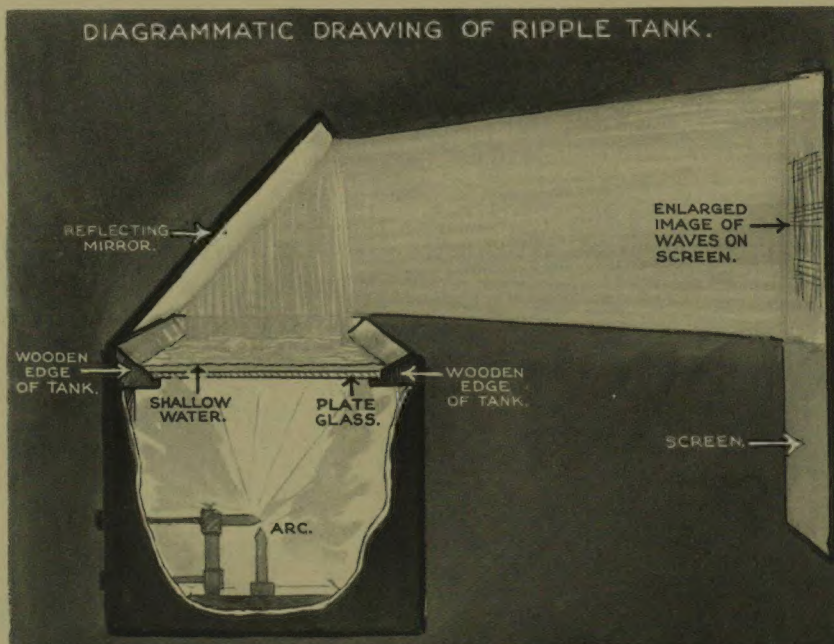
We shall see later that this is no real objection, but, indeed, a virtue: all waves turn the corner more or less, but the turning of the waves of the sea is considerable and obvious, while the waves of light turn so very little that it requires an effort to discover the fact.

The act of "seeing" depends, therefore, in the first place, on the existence of a source which sends out ether-waves; these travel through the ether, and are scattered by the objects they meet. Finally they enter the eye, and this entrance is reported to the brain. The eye can tell what direction these waves have come from, and can estimate their intensity and their colour. This being done point by point of an object, the brain puts together all the evidence and interprets it in the light of experience. Thus, if a watch is lying on the table, each point of the watch and of the neighbouring parts of the table scatters all round the light that falls upon it: if part of this enters an eye nearby, it carries its special information about the point whence it was scattered. The whole picture is the sum of the information about the various points.

The explanation of reflection in a plane mirror follows at once from an observation we can make in the ripple-tank. If we start ripples from a point, the widening



THE MAKING OF A JAPANESE "MAGIC MIRROR" (AS ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE): AN OLD JAPANESE PRINT SHOWING A CRAFTSMAN POLISHING A MIRROR. Observe how the mirror rests flat on the ground, causing the "give" to take place in the thin parts, as explained at the end of the accompanying article.



THE RIPPLE-TANK: AN APPARATUS ARRANGED FOR THE STUDY OF WAVE MOTIONS. Light from the base arc below passes upwards through the sheet of water, is reflected by the reflecting mirror above, and falls upon the screen. Ripples are started in various ways, and can be reflected by barriers of different forms placed in the water. The effects are plainly shown upon the screen.

circles are reflected when they strike the side, and thereafter move as if they radiated from a point which is behind the reflecting surface and is just as far behind as the original is in front. Just so, the eye imagines that the waves reflected from a mirror come from centres behind it, which reproduce the object in front point by point.

We can further illustrate these effects in the following way. We place a piece of smoked glass in front of the camera. No light emerges until we make a tiny hole in the black film, whereupon a picture appears on the screen



THE TELESCOPE DISCOVERED BY ZACHARIAS JANSSEN, SPECTACLE-MAKER OF MIDDLEBURG, 1608.

which we can make out to be a complete picture of the electric arc itself. The shape of the hole or scratch is of no consequence, so long as it is small. In this case, the rays from each point of the glowing arc pass through the hole that has been made and strike the screen; from which point the light is scattered, and each eye receives some part of it. To every point of the arc corresponds a point on the screen from which light is issuing of the same character as if the point of the arc were actually there, and so the complete picture is formed. If more holes are made, of all shapes, more pictures appear, but all alike, except that the pictures from the small holes are weak. Only when the hole is large does it begin to give its shape to the picture. This is the principle of the pinhole camera. We see the effect under a tree in summer when the openings between the leaves allow pictures of the sun to be thrown upon the ground below. When there is a solar eclipse, it is curious to see all the rounded spots become crescents.

It is worth noting that a ray of light cannot be seen from one side. When we see the rays of the sun or the lantern streaming across the room, there must be solid objects, though very small, which scatter the light. If we coat the inside of a box, one side of which is of glass, with glycerine, and give the dust inside it time to settle on the glycerine and stick there, we shall then find it possible to send a ray of light in at one end and out at the other without betraying its presence. We may then put a piece of white paper so as to intercept the ray in the box, and we shall find what a quantity of light is scattered by the paper. In amount it is nearly as much as would be reflected by a mirror, but it is, of course, more dispersed.

When we survey a scene, we have many devices for realising the relative positions of parts. We have, in the first place, the point by point estimate of direction, intensity, and colour. But we do not find that enough. If, in the centre of the theatre, we hang up a ball by a fine thread which we can barely follow until it is lost in the roof, and if we cover over one eye, we find that with the remaining eye it is very difficult to tell how far away the ball is. We start moving our heads from side to side, so as to get the ball to move apparently against the background; and so we estimate its position. Our two eyes work together in the same way, giving us two pictures from different positions; and we have learnt by experience to compare them and interpret the different appearances.

It will be remembered that in 1924-5 *The Illustrated London News* published a number of pictures of familiar objects printed in red and green ink, which were called "anaglyphs." To the eye they appeared to be blurred, or, in printers' language, "out of register." Included with the issues in which these pictures appeared were masks with red and green gelatine transparencies. When the pictures were viewed through these masks, the red and green pictures were seen by separate eyes and blended perfectly into a remarkable stereoscopic picture. In one of our present illustrations (on the opposite page) we show two drawings of part of a cloister of St. Michel, Brittany. The left eye of an observer would see the columns as in the left-hand illustration, and the right eye as in the right-hand picture. When the two pictures are placed in the stereoscopic camera, each eye of the user of the camera sees its proper picture. The cloister is then seen in perspective, because the brain receives the same impressions as an observer on the spot.

The reflections from curved surfaces can be conveniently studied in the ripple-tank, where, for example, it can be shown how waves spreading from one point are, after reflection, converged upon another point, from which again they open out. As an actual illustration of such reflection we may take a searchlight reflector, and watch, as we move the source, the movement of the point on which the rays converge. At one time it was customary to show the curious results of reflection to a curved mirror by drawing extravagant-looking pictures round the base of a small polished column. The reflection to the column shows a reasonable result of the reflection.

Another striking instance of reflection is given by the so-called "Magic Mirror" of Japan. It is a metal mirror, polished in front by scraping and scouring; on the back is a deeply-incised pattern. When the light

from the arc is reflected by the mirror and thrown upon the screen, the pattern of the back appears in the reflection. The eye can see nothing in the front to account for this seeming marvel. The explanation is that in the scraping, the thin parts give way and do not lose so much metal as the thick. After the tool has gone over them, they rebound and stand up as minute elevations too small to be seen by the naked eye. Only the magnifying effect of reflection makes them plain; just as we make plain the very slight waves on our ripple-tank by sending light through them.

THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT: FACTORS IN "A FASCINATING PROBLEM."

Drawn by G. H. Davis from material supplied by Sir William Bragg, O.M., F.R.S. (See his article on the opposite page.)

IF WE ATTEMPT TO FORM ANY CONCEPTION OF WHAT LIGHT MAY BE, WE HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT IT HAS CERTAIN OBVIOUS PROPERTIES.



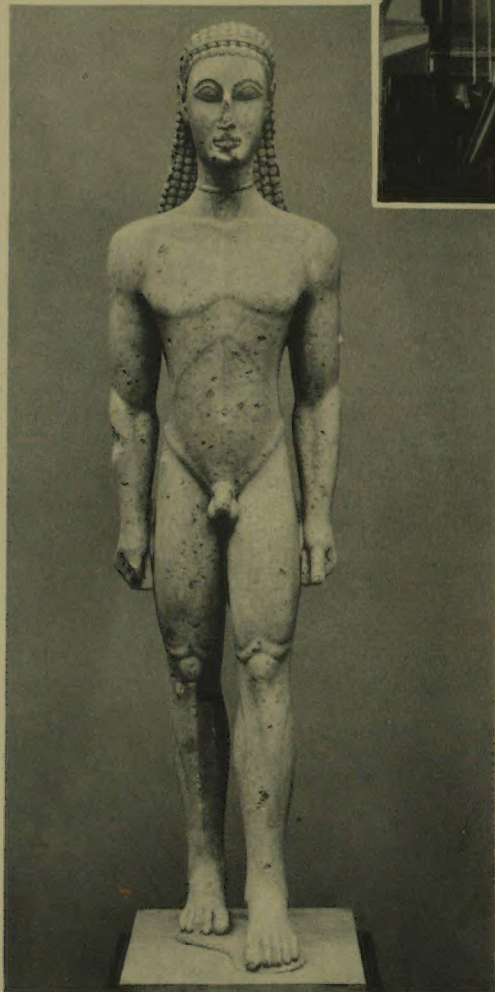
1. "THE NATURE OF LIGHT": SIR WILLIAM BRAGG'S EXPERIMENTS AT HIS OPENING LECTURE.

Sir William Bragg, the famous physicist, delivered at the Royal Institution a series of lectures which were described as "adapted to a juvenile auditory," taking as his theme the Universe of Light. As noted on the opposite page, this subject has just been rendered topical by the fact that an Exhibition is shortly to be held at the Science Museum, South Kensington, to illustrate the science of optics. Visitors to the Optical Exhibition, which opens on November 19, will be able to operate certain experiments showing the behaviour of light under various conditions. Sir William Bragg's lectures, as ever, interested "grown-ups"

as well as young people. To make them accessible to a wider circle, we again arranged with Sir William, as in several previous years, to write for us a series of six articles condensing his lectures; and under his supervision our artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, has drawn a special set of diagrams to illustrate the various experiments demonstrated by the lecturer. The first article, published opposite, deals with The Nature of Light. The rest, which will appear in later issues, are: (2) Light and the Eye; (3 and 4) Light and Colour I. and II.; (5) Light from the Sky; and (6) Light from the Sun and the Stars.

THE WORLD OF ART— ANCIENT AND MODERN.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CUPID BY COURTESY
OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.
(CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

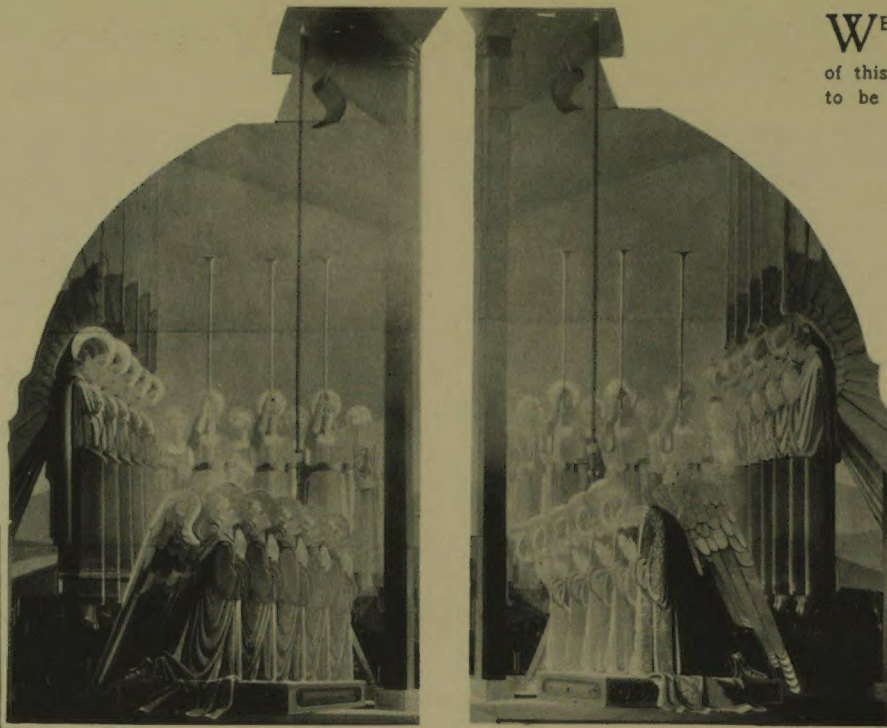


THE BEST EXAMPLE EXTANT OF THE EARLIEST
"APOLLO" FIGURES OF GREECE. (C. 600 B.C.)
This marble statue, which is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is hailed as the most representative work of its kind. Its provenance has not been disclosed, but its similarity to the Sounion and Dipylon "Apollos" points to an Attic origin and to about the same date, circa 600 B.C.



A TEA "EQUIPAGE" AS USED IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Under the auspices of the Countess of Hardwicke and Lady Robertson, Mrs. Henry M. Lidderdale will give a Trade Talk on "The Romance of Tea" at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on November 8. A small exhibition of antique and modern tea-ware will be on view, including the specimen here illustrated.



A MURAL PAINTING, BY WALLACE WOOD, CONSECRATED
IN ST. CUTHBERT'S, LYTAM, LANCs.

The Bishop of Liverpool is to consecrate the painting on Sunday, November 6. In addition to these two sides, there is a top panel.



"THE TWO LOVERS"—BY A GERMAN
PAINTER OF ABOUT 1470.

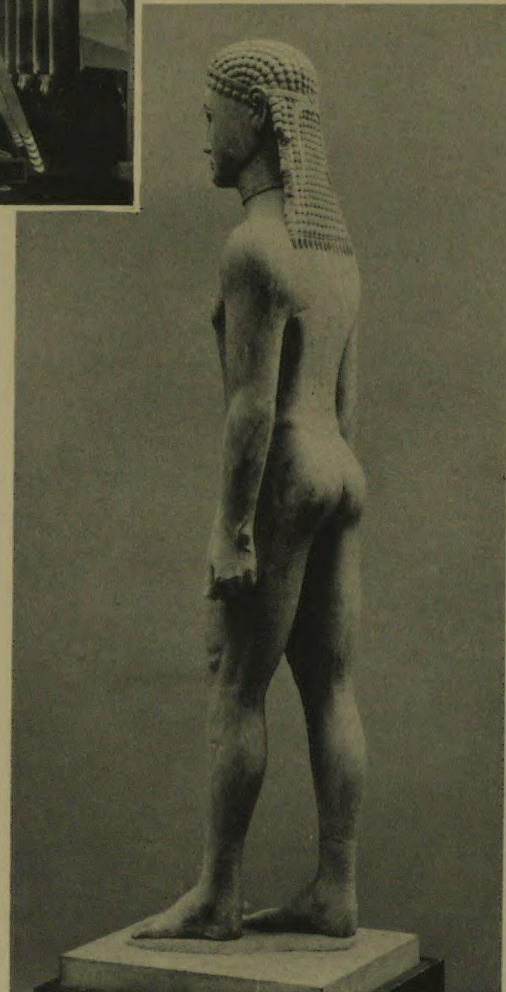
This panel (25 by 15 inches), which has been bought by the Museum at Cleveland, Ohio, from the Schutzenberger Collection, Alsace, is by an unknown Master who worked at Ulm. It is extremely rare, especially as showing a secular subject.



JAN STEEN'S "THE WEDDING"—SUBJECT OF A RECENT
LAW-SUIT.

This famous work by Jan Steen (1626—79) was shown at the Exhibition of Dutch Art at the Royal Academy. Recently, its owners claimed possession of it from a London dealer who had failed to sell it for them within a stipulated time and had not returned it to them. Judgment was for the plaintiffs.

WE give here an additional note concerning the Jan Steen reproduced at the foot of this page, which Mr. Justice Talbot ordered to be delivered up within three days to the plaintiffs in the recent case. The plaintiffs in question were Count François D'Oultremont, of Liège, and his three sisters, who, after the Exhibition at the Royal Academy, were willing to sell the work through a London dealer for £12,000. They claimed possession of the picture as it had not been sold within the stipulated six months, and had not been returned to them. "The Wedding" was painted about 1650, and came into the possession of the D'Oultremont family between two and three hundred years ago.



THE BEST EXAMPLE EXTANT OF THE EARLIEST
"APOLLO" FIGURES OF GREECE. (C. 600 B.C.)

Originally, the marble was painted, but only a few traces of red pigment remain—for instance, on the necklace and the fillet. The hair was doubtless black, brown, blue or yellow, the skin perhaps a deep flesh tint. The eyes were also painted and the differentiation of iris and pupil can be distinguished.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA
AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A BRONZE CUPID.

Even if this engaging Cupid cannot well be claimed as from the actual hand of the great Donatello (1384—1464), it is almost certainly a product of his workshop and may stand as thoroughly typical of his manner. It is cast solid and has been finished elaborately with chisel and file. Its height is 6.3-8 inches.

A SULTAN WITH A TAIL: AN AFRICAN CHIEFTAIN'S ROBES OF STATE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LADY BROUGHTON. WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED. (SEE HER ARTICLE ON PAGES 710 AND 711 AND ALSO OUR FRONT PAGE AND PAGES 712 AND 713.)



CROWNED WITH PLUMED STRAW HAT, AND WEARING A BARK LOIN-CLOTH, OKAPI-SKIN BELT, AND ANTELOPE TAIL :
SULTANI MEDANGBA POSING FOR HIS PORTRAIT IN HIS CEREMONIAL BASKET.

On the way to the gorilla country of the Eastern Congo, the expedition described by Lady Broughton (in her article on pages 710 and 711) spent some time at a camp in the Ituri Forest, hunting elephant. While there they came across many remarkable native types, the most interesting of whom was the Sultani Medangba, an outstanding personality among the many forest chieftains. On arrival at his village, Lady Broughton was disappointed to find him dressed in an old khaki shirt and a Homburg hat, and she expressed a wish to photograph him in his native costume, with his wives. As the wives numbered between eighty and

ninety, however, and would take too much time to collect, they had to be omitted. The Sultani consented to array himself in his full ceremonial attire to be photographed alone, with the result shown above. His loin-cloth, woven from the bark of a tree, is kept in place by an okapi-skin belt. Sticking out from the small of his back is an antelope tail, while his head-dress is the typical straw hat of the Ituri, crowned with coloured feathers. The basket in which he is standing is used by him on all occasions. Even when travelling he keeps it with him, apparently a unique custom. Inside it is a small carved stool.

Here we give the first part of an article written specially for us by Lady Broughton, describing the recent expedition to the Eastern Congo during which she obtained very remarkable photographs of mountain gorillas in their native haunts reproduced in various parts of this issue. Others will appear in a later issue, along with the second instalment of her narrative.

They constitute a veritable triumph of nature photography under difficult and dangerous conditions. The purpose of the expedition, it may be added, was to obtain material—both photographic records and specimens of vegetation—for a new habitat group of the Eastern gorilla now being arranged in the Upper Mammal Gallery of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. The journey to East Africa was made by air.

I HAVE been on many big-game shooting and photography expeditions, but none has held such interest as the expedition to the Belgian Congo, which had been planned for years—but was accomplished only last winter. The

STALKING THE MOUNTAIN GORILLA WITH THE CAMERA IN ITS NATURAL HAUNTS:

LADY BROUGHTON'S REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BEASTS AND NATIVES IN THE CONGO FORESTS.—I.

Photographs and Article by LADY BROUGHTON. (World Copyright itself reserved.) (See Illustrations on Front and Pages 709, 711, 712 and 713.)

surroundings render reliable observation almost out of the question.

As we add interest the British Museum had requested that the expedition should help them by making a collection of the vegetation to be found in the gorilla forests, to assist them in setting up their gorilla specimens in more natural surroundings.

On December 2 our party, consisting of my husband, Colonel Ashton, and myself, left Crobyon by Imperial Airways weekly African mail service for Nairobi, Kenya Colony. This route is well known and needs no further description. We had an almost uneventful, although interesting, journey. Nairobi one week by air from London. A What a change from three weeks' journey by rail and steamer!

Thinking it advisable to take a few reliable safari boys from Nairobi with us, and wishing to collect our camp equipment and cars, which had been stored in Nairobi from previous expeditions, we decided to fit out and start our safari from there, in the hope of it being only a few hundred miles out of the direct route from London to the Belgian Congo. Here it was that we said good-bye to my husband, who was England.

After a few feverish busy days, collecting, packing, and checking our stores, our motor transport was at last loaded up. We took with us one Ford roadster, a one-bodied Ford car, and eight good safari boys, all under the charge of Mr. Cleland Scott, who accompanied us for the greater part of the expedition. We decided to make our first objective the Ituri forest, where Colonel Ashton planned to hunt elephant. The route we chose lay through Uganda to Butaba on Lake Albert, thence by Nile steamer to Rhino Camp, where I hoped to renew my acquaintance with the white rhino.

In 1910, while passing through on Nile steamer, I had been fortunate enough to see these highly-protected and rare animals during the few hours' stop that was made at Rhino Camp. That year, a few months later, I had again seen white rhino in this vicinity, and had been able to take a number of photographs. But I was not altogether satisfied with the results, and last winter was anxious to try my hand again. This lovely country is, at all times of the year, very hot, but we seemed to strike a particularly happy spell. I see a note in my diary—"Thermometer registers 100 degrees in my tent at 5 p.m." It was a great disappointment to find the grass very dry everywhere. Normally, by the third week in December, this has been burnt. We were, however, glad that the Government had been so kind as to allow this year that no grass-burning was to take place before the locusts had reached their flying stage, the object being to burn the locusts' food as soon as they were able to fly.

All around we found myriads of locusts in the hopper stage. The immaturity of the locust problem can hardly be grasped in this country. The rapidity with which they breed, the vast tracts of uninhabited country where they can multiply undetected, make the difficulties of dealing successfully with the plague almost insuperable.

After locating several white rhino, but finding grass conditions most difficult for photography, we decided to move into the Belgian Congo and the frontier post of Aru. Here a long and tedious day was spent passing our safari through the Customs, this necessitating spending a night there; but the Belgian officials were most helpful and courteous, placing an unoccupied house at our disposal. The next morning saw us on the road again, and a few days' travel along the excellent Congo roads brought us to the edge of the Ituri forest, where we proposed to make a base camp from which to hunt elephant. Nothing need here be added to what has been frequently said by the wonders of this great primeval forest, the unsurpassed beauty of its giant trees, the luxuriance of its tropical vegetation, its great rivers, and its vast extent stretching for hundreds of miles. It is unique amongst African forests.

From now onwards, many weeks were spent hunting elephant in the forest, a sport beset with many difficulties and a certain amount of danger, and differing greatly from our former experience in Kenya and Tanganyika, where elephants are generally hunted in bush or grass country, owing to the difficulties presented by forest hunting. In the Ituri, however, the great preponderance of forest country makes it necessary to overcome these difficulties, and to discover and shoot your elephant amidst a dense undergrowth. The forest consists of gigantic trees, beneath which flourish secondary forests of smaller trees, growing close together and interlacing their tops with a mass of vegetation, the gigantic leaves of which baffle the eye-sight and provide wonderful cover for elephants, whether singly or in herds.

It is therefore necessary to employ native trackers, not only to locate elephants, but to prevent the hunter himself from being inextricably lost in the depths of the forest. The native people, however, are generally so well accustomed to elephant-hunting, but there are in every village a few men who are reckoned particularly skilled in this form of work, and it was these men whom we subsequently employed. Their skill is only a matter of degree, for we found them, on the whole, lazy, unreliable, and clumsy; and it was these men who were subsequently lost, and were shy and difficult to make friends with.

These pygmies present the curious spectacle of a primitive race living in the same area as the ordinary native population, but without any contact or similarity of culture with their neighbours. They inhabit the denser portion of the forest, and subsist wholly upon animal food from the forests, birds, insects, and even bees. They are despised by the other natives, who in addition to occasional meat, consume also the natural fruits of the country and cultivate the soil in a primitive fashion. All tribes seem to share in an intense craving for meat. On the death of an elephant the war drums are beaten from the nearest village, and almost miraculously, herds of naked savages appear from the depths of the forest; fires are quickly lit, and it is an amazing sight to see them hacking, cutting, and quarrelling over the carcass, until not a vestige of meat remains.

Cannibalism is undoubtedly still practised in parts of the forest. The Belgians do their best to stamp this out, but, as it is carried on in great secrecy, evidence of authenticated cases is rare. Several gruesome incidents were brought to our notice. A native, having overtaken his young girl, invited the unsuspecting father to dine and feast with him. Subsequently the father, learning that he had eaten his own child, reported the fact to the authorities. The murderer was arrested, tried, and condemned to death by hanging.

To impress upon the natives the enormity of the crime, the execution took place in the presence of all the neighbouring chiefs and their followers. The condemned man was granted a last request, which proved to be the demand for two bottles of "Johanne Walker" whisky! We heard of another revolting case, for the truth of which we cannot vouch. A certain native hunter supplied, to missionaries and others, meat purporting to be the flesh of small antelope killed in the forest. It was some months before the ghastly truth came to light. A native man, despite his fearful wounds, crawled to the headman of the neighbouring village to relate how he had been attacked while returning home along a lonely path after dark. Further investigation brought to light that this was the method employed by the hunter to replenish his stock of "antelope" meat. Many strange and curious customs exist amongst these primitive natives. A particularly useless and cruel one is the practice of tightly binding their babies' heads with wire or cord shortly after birth, the object being to attain an exaggerated elongation of the skull, considered by them to be a special form of beauty.

The ceaseless wailing of these unfortunate infants kept us awake at nights until we learnt to avoid, whenever possible, camping near a village. During our long stay in the forest we had many exciting encounters with the little red Congo buffalo (*Bos Caffer* name), which inhabited the edges of the forest. These,

an outstanding personality among the many chieftains of the Ituri forest. On an arrival one day at his village, to our great disappointment we found him dressed in an old khaki shirt and a small Homburg hat, perched on the side of his head. After the usual preliminaries, I tactfully suggested that I should like to photograph him in his native dress, accompanied by his wives. A long discussion took place amongst his courtiers, and it eventually transpired that about his dress there was no difficulty, but, owing to the fact that he owned between eighty and ninety wives, it would take some days before they could all be assembled. Not having sufficient time, my desire was to await these ladies, I begged the Sultani to array himself in his full native dress to be photographed alone. (See p. 709.)

Considerable time elapsed before he reappeared. His costume consisted of a loin-cloth made from the bark of a tree and kept in place by an okapi skin belt. Sticking out from the small of his back at right-angles to his body was a large antelope tail; his head-dress being the typical straw hat of the Ituri, beautifully plaited and crowned with various coloured feathers. He then stood for his picture in a shallow circular basket in which a small carved stool was placed. This basket he uses on all occasions. Even when travelling he keeps it with him, a unique custom as far as we could discover. We explored the forest for many weeks, and when Colonel Ashton had sent his elephants we felt the time had come for us to move southwards to our great objective—the home of the gorilla.

We wended our way southwards by easy stages, passing close to the famous Kilo Mine, arriving eventually at Irumu, the principal town of Kibale-Ituri Province. Here we stayed a few days to replenish our stock of provisions, which had, by this time, run very low. Irumu is a lively and attractive town, with many charming houses occupied by various officials. At present there is a small hotel and restaurant, but no doubt when the large hotel—which is now in the process of construction—is opened many travellers will be attracted there by its unique position on the edge of the Ituri forest, and not far from Kisumu, the Belgian port on Lake Albert.

Unwilling to waste time, we decided to push on to Lubero, a distance of some 500 kilometres. Our road, only recently constructed, cut through the Ituri forest. Here we heard of another revolting case, for the truth of which we cannot vouch. A certain native hunter supplied, to missionaries and others, meat purporting to be the flesh of small antelope killed in the forest. It was some months before the ghastly truth came to light. A native man, despite his fearful wounds, crawled to the headman of the neighbouring village to relate how he had been attacked while returning home along a lonely path after dark. Further investigation brought to light that this was the method employed by the hunter to replenish his stock of "antelope" meat. Many strange and curious customs exist amongst these primitive natives. A particularly useless and cruel one is the practice of tightly binding their babies' heads with wire or cord shortly after birth, the object being to attain an exaggerated elongation of the skull, considered by them to be a special form of beauty.

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by inoculation, one readily submitted to by the native population, the former high rate of mortality from this cause has been very appreciably diminished.

We had made arrangements to visit the Administrateur together, but now this duty devolved on me alone. I was most courteously received at the "Poste," rough huts were produced, and likely localities were indicated where I might have the best opportunities of seeing and photographing gorillas. When Colonel Ashton was sufficiently recovered, we moved to the place chosen as our future base camp, a village, 40 kilometres distant, perched at an altitude of 7500 ft., amidst magnificent scenery, groups

of the afternoon, tired and dispirited, and feeling the hopelessness of ever over-taking them, we rested in a small clearing. Suddenly looking across a narrow ravine, we espied five gorillas some 200 yards away, moving slowly up the opposite hill. A thrilling moment, our first glimpse of these anthropoid apes which we had come so far to see; but pursuit was useless; the light was fading, and we were forced reluctantly to turn for home.

At a height of some 8000 ft., we persevered for some weeks in pitiless wet and cold. It was always the same story; the gorillas heard our approach often before we could even get a view of them in the dense undergrowth. Their departure was usually heralded by a terrific howl from the male of the party, with answering cries from the females and young. On more than one occasion the "old man" made a short, determined rush towards us, trying to frighten us with his horrid cries. The impenetrable tangle of the vegetation always rendered a clear view of him impossible. Standing on the ground, we could only see his head and shoulders, but, finding his bluff had failed, he invariably slunk away.

Our first photography seemed impossible. Hearing that the gorillas occasionally raided the native shambas in search of food, the possibility occurred to us that we might attract them to our camp by offering them a quantity of hidden camera by carefully laid bait. When tried, this method proved equally unsuccessful.

Passing through a small village on our way back to camp one evening, we surprised a feast in progress. A party of natives were cooking the body of a young male gorilla, which had been surrounded and killed in that morning. It was a gruesome sight, the dismembered portions having an appearance all too human. The flesh, we learnt, is considered a great delicacy, and, though the authorities forbid the killing of gorillas, the occurrence is a fairly common one and detection of the culprits is rare. Loath to admit defeat, we hurriedly fled, and, as we were about to leave, where we were camped to a consultation, asking them for their suggestions. They were unanimous in saying that our present methods would never meet with success, and suggested that, with a few picked men, we could move the gorillas, without frightening them, on to some hills where the forest was more open and would offer better opportunities for photography.

After several days of cold and wet, the guides reported the presence of two bands of gorillas on neighbouring hills. We chose to follow up the nearer of the two, our guides having advised that the lie of the country there offered a greater chance of success. We were now to learn the "tactics" of gorilla-hunting. At first, progress along a native path, winding through the heather brushwood, was easy, but soon, on striking into the forest, our difficulties began. Armed with spears, our guides pointed to where the gorillas had last been seen. On we crept, as silently as we could, soon drenched to the skin by the mass of sodden vegetation; plant lanes barred our way, and every kind of creeping plant wrapped themselves around our ankles, while here and there small heaps of broken bamboo stems showed where the gorillas had recently been feeding. The trail led us on into definite tangles of undergrowth, and crawling on hands and knees proved to be the only possible means of advance. Our progress became terribly slow, for as we were to step every few yards to extricate rifle or camera from the entangling creepers. Painfully we crawled on for what seemed to be an eternity, hearing now and then about the breaking twigs. How close we were to the band we had no idea, but the apprehensive look on the guides' faces warned us we could not be far off.

Suddenly a coughing and shivering began, and a breathless suspense for a fraction of a second, and before I could realise what had happened my camera was knocked from my hand, and I narrowly escaped being separated by the guides in his territory. I sprang back, but the trail for. For some few minutes we strained our ears for further sounds of the gorillas, but stealthily seized. Shamelessly they came back, but the native population; but, thanks now to an effective preventive treatment

of thickly wooded hills clustering together like so many gigantic mole-hills. The heather of thick vegetation and small clearing. Suddenly looking across a narrow ravine, we espied five gorillas some 200 yards away, moving slowly up the opposite hill. A thrilling moment, our first glimpse of these anthropoid apes which we had come so far to see; but pursuit was useless; the light was fading, and we were forced reluctantly to turn for home.

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ARTIFICIAL ELONGATION OF THE HEAD AMONG ITURI FOREST TRIBES: A WIFE OF THE SULTANI ABEMBAHILI, WITH HER BABY.

In her note on the photograph, Lady Broughton says: "The elongation of the head is greatly exaggerated by the elaborate head-dress, which consists entirely of the woman's own hair tightly bound round a wire frame. Her infant has its head bound with reed to obtain the elongation of the skull, so greatly admired by these tribes." The expedition avoided camping near villages because the ceaseless wailing of babies undergoing this treatment disturbed their rest. The Sultani Abemba's territory lies on the northern edge of the Ituri Forest.

primary object of the expedition was to photograph the mountain gorilla (*Gorilla gorilla beringi*). Naturalists differ as to the proper classification of the gorilla, but, roughly, it can be said that there are two breeds or races—the Highland, or Kivu, and the Lowland, Gaboon or Cameroon race; the former living at an altitude of about 7000 ft., the latter inhabiting the forests and jungles at practically sea-level. To this Lowland breed the two newcomers at the London "Zoo" belong. The difference between the two species is most marked. Nature has furnished the Highland variety with a long dense coat, to enable him to withstand the extreme cold of his mountain home, whereas the coat of the Lowland variety appears to be very much thinner—in provision, no doubt, for the high temperature in which he lives.

The mountain gorilla is mainly to be found in the Birunga Volcano region, which now forms part of the Belgian Part National Albert. Here they are most strictly protected, and permission to photograph them is exceedingly difficult to obtain, since the authorities fear the gorilla may be driven from this sanctuary if constantly disturbed. Scattered bands are, however, also to be found along the range of mountains stretching from Lubero to Lake Kivu, and it was in this region that we obtained permission to work. Uganda also claims the existence of a few gorillas on the mountains in British territory adjoining the Birunga Volcanes.

It is obvious that even a rough estimate of the total number of gorillas existing must be most inaccurate. The nature of this mysterious animal and its inaccessible

THE BEAUTY OF THE GORILLA FORESTS: A VIEW TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE EXPEDITION'S MOUNTAIN CAMPS, AT ABOUT 7500 FT.

The haunts of the mountain gorilla were to be found in a region of together like

we found, had to be treated with even greater respect than the larger and more common black variety, the Bos Caffer. Amongst the many native types I was able to photograph, perhaps the most interesting was the Sultani Melango,

FROM ONE OF THE EXPEDITION'S MOUNTAIN CAMPS, AT ABOUT 7500 FT. maugnant scenery, with groups of thickly wooded hills clustering gigantic mole-hills.

morrow found Colonel Ashton laid low with a sharp attack of dysentery. This disease is very prevalent in the district, and the many native types I was able to photograph, perhaps the most interesting was the Sultani Melango,

[To be continued.]

GORILLA CHILDHOOD IN ITS FOREST "NURSERY": TRIUMPHS OF NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY ON MOUNTAINS OF THE CONGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LADY BROUGHTON. WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED. (SEE HER ARTICLE ON PAGES 710 AND 711 AND ALSO OUR FRONT PAGE AND PAGE 705.)

NATURE photography in its finest form is exemplified by Lady Broughton's wonderful studies of gorillas in their native forests, reproduced above and elsewhere in this number. In her article (on pp. 710-711) describing the expedition, she emphasises the fact that the gorillas which she succeeded in photographing belong to the Mountain, or Klivu, species, which is quite distinct from the Lowland, Gaboon, or Cameroon race, of which the new pair at the London "Zoo" are specimens. Her photographs were taken at an altitude of about 9000 ft., in the forest region south of Lubero, in the Belgian Eastern Congo. As a picture of gorilla childhood, there could be nothing more delightful than the upper left-hand photograph given above, showing a little wild creature in its forest "nursery," absolutely unconscious of the camera or of any intrusion on its privacy. The lower photograph has a different interest, for it reveals the sudden alert look on the face of a young male gorilla who has just heard the unfamiliar click of the camera shutter, and, pausing in his meal of herbage, gazes intently in the direction from which the sound had come. This

(Continued on right.)



A VERY YOUNG GORILLA QUITE UNCONSCIOUS OF THE CAMERA: ONE OF LADY BROUGHTON'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOUNTAIN GORILLAS (WHICH ARE DISTINCT FROM THE LOWLAND TYPE), TAKEN AT A HIGH ALTITUDE IN THEIR NATIVE FORESTS OF THE EASTERN CONGO.

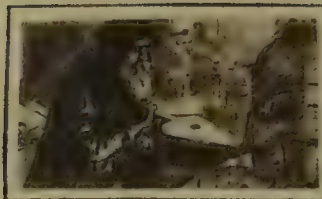
photograph, and the large one opposite, are not only excellent studies of facial type and expression, but form a valuable record of the gorilla's feeding habits. As such, they will doubtless be particularly useful in the preparation of the new gorilla habitat group in the Natural History Museum, for the benefit of which the expedition to the Congo region was made. The lowland type of gorilla has been known for over sixty years, but it was only in 1901 that the first dead specimen of a mountain gorilla was brought to Europe by Captain von Beringe, after whom the type was named. Hitherto, no specimen of the mountain gorilla has been successfully kept in captivity. One was brought to Europe ten years ago and placed in the Antwerp "Zoo," but lived only a few months, and another sent thither in 1925 died very soon afterwards. In its native haunts, this species has been known to attain the enormous weight of 450 lb.



"A YOUNG MALE GORILLA STOPS FEEDING AND GAZES INTENTLY IN OUR DIRECTION, HAVING HEARD THE UNFAMILIAR SOUND OF MY SHUTTER": A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH SECURED BY LADY BROUGHTON IN THE MOUNTAIN RANGES BETWEEN LUBERO AND LAKE KIVU.



A YOUNG GORILLA HOLDING IN ITS PAW A PIECE OF BAMBOO STALK AND LOOKING RATHER SURPRISED: ONE OF THE COMPARATIVELY LITTLE-KNOWN MOUNTAIN SPECIES CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN ITS NATIVE WILD.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WAYSIDE WEEDS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

OF the many hundreds of species of our native plants which botanists have named for us, how many are known to the average countryman? One may answer with confidence—very, very few. That this should be so is not to be taken as evidence that the "average countryman" is a dull, unthinking animal. The inference to be drawn from this fact is quite otherwise. For it really shows us that only

the decaying bodies of insects which have been drowned there, as well as by pollen and other decaying organic matter. Putrefying bacteria also find congenial conditions here. The water in these basins serves a double purpose. In the first place, as I have said, it keeps unwanted insects from access to the flower-heads; and in the second it forms a sort of thin soup on which the plant partly feeds. For the stem, at the bottom of the basin, has its cells modified so that they can absorb this water and the nitrogenous constituents held in solution there.

When we turn to the seed-head (Fig. 3), another interesting arrangement presents itself. It will be noticed that it is surrounded by a palisade of spines, the precise function of which is not readily apparent. My friend Mr. Thorburn—whose pictures of birds have made him famous—tells me that goldfinches are very fond of the seeds of this plant. But they can only extract such as can be had by perching on the top of this clustered mass of pockets, and this because the palisade makes it impossible to rifle the lower stores. Now, it is probably of great advantage to the plant to have such visitors, since some of the seeds are sure to pass through the intestine uninjured, and in this way new colonies are started; hence the temporary loss of a few seeds proves to be highly advantageous. Darwin long ago showed that the seeds

discloses another interesting phase of the life history of this plant, which it shares in common with members of the quite unrelated genus *Eryngium*.

The umbel or inflorescence of the teasel, it is to be noted, is curiously like that found in *Eryngium*, and they both share a curious rhythm in the development of the flowers. For the anthers are the first to ripen and shed their pollen, which is then carried to some other flower-head, wherein the anthers have shed their pollen and shrivelled up, leaving only the stigma-bearing or female flowers awaiting pollination. Thus cross-fertilisation is assured.

The tracts which shield the flower-head of the teasel have already been mentioned. They should be compared with those of different species of *Eryngium*. And that comparison will bring out some striking differences. Two only of these can be illustrated here (Figs. 1 and 2). As compared with the teasel, they are, in the first place, much more numerous.



1. SEED-HEADS OF *ERYNGIUM GIGANTEA*: A PLANT IN WHICH SPIKY BRACTS NOT ONLY ENCIRCLE THE STALK OF EACH HEAD, BUT SPREAD OUT FROM THE BASE OF THE UMBEL—THE COMMON STARTING-POINT OF THE WHOLE FLOWER-HEAD.

such of these plants as he can call to mind, or for which he has a name, have any outstanding character, either of shape or size, or the coloration of their flowers; the rest are just "weeds." And he would very probably tell you that he is content to leave it at that. The ability to call them all by name would be a perfectly useless accomplishment.

But the theme assumes a very different aspect the moment we begin to ask why it is that so few, relatively, of these weeds have succeeded in "coming to the front"—the poppy, scabious, chicory, buttercup, violet, primrose, cowslip, bluebell, gorse, and heather, for example. Here we have the answer—they, and such as they, have attained to a place in the public eye because they advertise. "Sweet are the uses of advertisement." Yet they are advertising not for us, but for their own public, bees and butterflies. The docks, nettles, plantains, and dozens more contrive to live without advertisement, for they can ensure the fertilisation of their flowers and the setting of their seeds by other agencies.

Now, the manifold ways by which this end is achieved prove to be immensely interesting when they come to be examined. But this theme I may not touch upon now, because I have to say something of one or two of these "advertising" species—the teasel, and the garden allies of our field "Eryngo." So far as their flowers go, these have not attained to any great distinction. Nevertheless, they are of great importance to the plant, and it is of the means they have developed to guard them against unwelcome visitors that I desire more particularly to speak.

First, as to the teasels, which the botany books tell us are to be found on waysides and in thickets. That is true, but the statement needs qualification, for it is not so common that it can be found everywhere, like the nettle or dock. Ranging from 4 to 6 ft. high, it is not likely to be overlooked in places where it is growing. And when fully grown it is a very striking and interesting plant. During the winter months it is especially conspicuous, owing to the size of the desiccated flower-head, with its armature of spines. And this is especially true where they are growing in clumps.

They should be sought during the summer months, when the leaves are green, since they will then disclose a most interesting means of warding off the visits of undesirable insect visitors, as well as furnishing a source of nourishment. For they spring, it will be noted, in pairs, up the stem; and their bases grow together to form large, basin-like receptacles, filled with water generally much discoloured by

of many plants show increased germination powers after having been passed through the intestines of birds.

But this is not the only interesting point about this inflorescence, or flower-head. After the manner of the compositæ, the flowers are all clustered together, as if by the telescoping of the stem. And they do not appear all at once, but in rings, starting from the bottom upwards. This is an advantage, since it prolongs the time of flowering, and hence may tide over a spell of inclement weather and the consequent risk of infertile seeds. But this method of opening



3. A FLOWER-HEAD OF THE TEASEL (*DIPSACUS SYLVESTRIS*): A PLANT WHICH PROTECTS ITS SEEDS BY A RING OF SPIKY BRACTS (SEEN HERE CURLING UPWARDS) THAT PREVENT BIRDS FROM TAKING ANY BUT THE UPPERMOST SEEDS IN THE FLOWER-HEAD.

The bracts curling up from the base of the teasel's flower-head prevent goldfinches and other small seed-eaters from taking any but seeds from the top. As some of these will pass through the bird's intestine uninjured, the spread of the plant into new areas is assured. Thus the temporary loss of a few seeds proves to be worth while.



2. SEED-HEADS OF A PLANT WHICH HAS AN INFLORESCENCE CURIOUSLY LIKE THAT OF THE TEASEL, ALTHOUGH IT IS A MEMBER OF A QUITE UNRELATED GENUS: *ERYNGIUM ALPINUM*, WHICH PRODUCES A DELIGHTFUL EFFECT IN A GARDEN, WITH ITS STEMS OF A GORGEOUS BLUE.

The stem and branches of this plant are of an exquisite turquoise blue, and this gives them a firm hold on the affections of the gardener. The coloured stem is said to play an important part in attracting insect visitors to the plant.

In *Eryngium alpinum* they are of great length and beset with spines, producing a very charming effect when seen among other plants in a herbaceous border. In *E. giganteum* (Fig. 1) they are relatively shorter, but fused to form a stiff-pointed frill spreading out beneath the flower-head. In their way they are quite as beautiful as those of *E. alpinum*. In the living plant, these, like the stems, are of a beautiful turquoise blue, especially intense in *E. alpinum*. These are certainly most striking and beautiful plants in a garden, and their sumptuously coloured stems are supposed to play an important part in attracting insect visitors, though it is a moot point as to how far insects can appreciate colours at a distance. Garden-lovers might well give this matter some attention next year, taking note of the kinds of insects which visit the flower-heads, and whether they seem to be lured by these blue stems to the less conspicuous flower-head. Blue is well known to be a favourite colour of bees.

We have but two native species of *Eryngium*, and one of these is very rare. Our sea-holly, which is the second of the two, is being slowly exterminated by the ever-spreading growth of seaside resorts, which, with their long "promenades" of concrete stretching away on either side of the town, have seriously encroached on the very restricted haunts of this plant.

INGENUITIES OF BIRD-FEEDING : THE ART OF GARDEN-SANCTUARY MAKING.



THE TIT BELL, MADE OF WOOD AND FILLED WITH FAT, FROM WHICH ONLY THE BENEFICIAL INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS CAN FEED, BECAUSE ONLY THEY CAN ALIGHT CLAWS UPPERMOST: A GREAT TIT FEEDING.



A CHILD'S BIRD GARDEN, WITH ALL THE FEEDING DEVICES AND TABLES IN OCCUPATION: MR. MORTIMER BATTEN'S INGENUOUS METHODS OF ATTRACTING THE BIRDS TO HIS GARDEN.



A NESTING BOX—OF INTEREST ALL THE YEAR ROUND, SINCE THE BIRDS WHICH NEST IN THEM DURING SPRING AND SUMMER ROOST IN THE AUTUMN AND WINTER: A GREAT TIT RETIRING TO ROOST.



A BLUE TIT EXAMINING THE PEANUT FEEDER—A ZINC BARREL WITH SLITS IN THE SIDE, CONTAINING SHELLED PEANUTS FROM WHICH BIRDS CAN HELP THEMSELVES BUT CARRY NOTHING AWAY.



A CAREFULLY ARRANGED BREAKFAST-ROOM WINDOW, WITH FEEDING DEVICES FOR ALL THE DIFFERENT SPECIES—NUTS AND FAT FOR THE INSECT-FEEDERS AND SEED FOR THE GRAIN-EATERS.



THE WINTER STORE: ONE OF THE BIG SEED-HOPPERS USED IN MR. BATTEN'S BIRD SANCTUARY TO KEEP THE SEED-EATERS SUPPLIED WHEN HE IS AWAY IN THE WINTER.

THE interest to be obtained from feeding and attracting the wild birds about our gardens and our windows, described by Earl Grey as affording "a lasting pleasure and an ever-varying source of amusement," is becoming more widely realised, and these photographs, taken in the private bird sanctuary of Mr. H. Mortimer Batten, who lives at Pencaitland, in East Lothian, and is well known as an author and lecturer on natural history subjects, illustrate various feeding devices that he has designed to meet the requirements of the different species. The tit bell is designed to supersede the untidy half-coconut commonly used. It is filled with melted fat, and so constructed that only the tits can feed from it. The nut feeder does away with the business

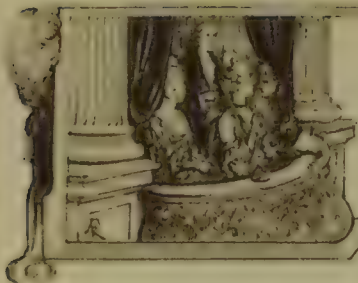
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A LITTLE GLASS-BARRELLED SEED-HOPPER CONTAINING HEMP SEED—AN IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION FOR ALL THE FINCHES AND BUNTINGS: A GREENFINCH FEEDING.

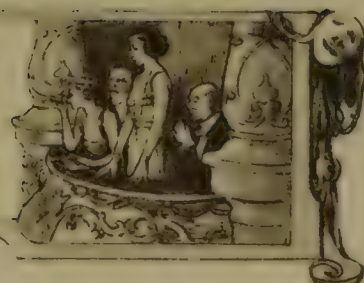
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of threading the nuts, and is also to be recommended because the whole of its contents, shelled peanuts, must be eaten *in situ* and cannot be carried off by the tits, nuthatches, woodpeckers, and other birds that are attracted by that food. In addition, a seed-hopper is necessary for the finches. One of our photographs shows a large hopper used in the sanctuary to keep the seed-eating birds provided during the winter, and in another is seen a small glass-barrelled seed-hopper designed for home use. The bird-feeding devices are made to hang outside the window, which facilitates study of the charm and beauty of the little birds. To meet the requirements of bird-lovers, other interesting designs are in course of manufacture.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"THERE GOES THE BRIDE," AT THE NEW GALLERY: MAX AND ANNETTE (OWEN NARES AND JESSIE MATTHEWS) ARE EMBARRASSED BY THE INSISTENCE OF MAX'S BOON COMPANIONS THAT THEY SHALL GO TO A PARTY TOGETHER.

"There Goes the Bride" is in the tradition of musical and farcical comedy; complete with flat scenes, embarrassing moments, a discarded fiancée, and a fair bride for the adventurous and indiscreet hero.

By Courtesy of British Lion Studios, Beaconsfield; Gaumont-British Picture Corporation.

TWO COMEDIES WITH MUSIC.

THE Gaumont-British Picture Corporation is forging ahead. It is determined to give the public what it wants, and to see that in polish, camera-work, technique, and interpretation the productions of its studios shall reach the standards of its Continental allies. Two of their pictures come under consideration this week. "There Goes the Bride" (New Gallery) is an exhilarating affair, shot through with the spontaneous humour that is the greatest asset of English comedy. Set in France—for no particular reason that I can detect, unless it be that the impressive reconstruction of the Gare de Lyon, built for "The Rome Express" in the Shepherd's Bush studios, cried out for further employment—this light-hearted entertainment centres round a runaway bride escaping from her calculating father's deplorable choice of a husband. Her dash for freedom delivers her, penniless and ticketless, into the hands of a fellow-traveller who suspects her of being a pickpocket and means to keep an eye on her. No easy task, for the lady is spirited and mischievous. Her presence in a bachelor's house is disconcerting, the more so since her host's fiancée puts in an inopportune appearance. On this promising foundation, an airy edifice of misunderstanding, adventures at a ball, and final defeat of the detectives who are scouring Paris for the "missing bride" is very neatly constructed. The farcical situations dovetail smoothly, a couple of songs for Miss Jessie Matthews are legitimately interpolated, and a pleasant *leit-motif* occasionally contributes its chuckling commentary.

Mr. Albert de Courville's direction is pleasant, fresh, and fluent, nor does it fall into the error of labouring the comedy points. Indeed, their speed catches us unawares time and again, and reaps its reward in a roar of laughter. Mr. W. P. Lipscomb, who is responsible for the scenario and dialogue, has been happily inspired, nowhere more so than in the climax of the ball scene. The hostess has lost her pearls. The host, anxious to avoid unpleasantness, places a silver salver on a table, inviting any possible practical joker to restore the pearls whilst the lights are switched off. Darkness—a giggle—a kiss—and up come the lights. Are the pearls in the salver? No—but the salver itself has vanished! The picture abounds in clever little touches that carry it along with unflinching gaiety to its amusing conclusion. The whole company enters zestfully into the spirit of this Parisian escapade. Miss Matthews possesses a whimsical sense of humour, and endows the heroine's pranks with an elfin, youthful charm. She has an inclination to overwork her large eyes, nor has she the conventional prettiness of a screen-star. But—better than that—she is alert,

intelligent, and engagingly natural. She "puts over" her two songs with genuine skill. Mr. Owen Nares as her much-tried host is, the acme of embarrassed dignity—his performance belongs to the category of *la haute comédie*. Very attractively staged, with Mr. Max Greenbaum's camera catching the gleam of silver and porcelain, the play of light and shade, the *joie de vivre* of the picture is refreshing and infectious.

The English version of "Song of the Night," a picture that has already enjoyed a considerable vogue on the Continent, will, it is safe to prophesy, win full marks in popularity at the Tivoli, under its new title of "Tell Me To-night." Although it fills a much bigger canvas than "There Goes the Bride," and is primarily designed to carry the vocal weight of an operatic tenor—Mr. Jan Kiepura—it is conceived with a humour that never mutes its strings with the *sourdine*. All honour is due to Messrs. T. V. Cube and A. Joseph for inventing an eminently handy vehicle for a singing "star" of Mr. Kiepura's calibre; but the brilliant blending of the picture's diverse ingredients is the achievement of its director, Mr. Anatol Litwak, and the *élan* of its comedy would seem to spring from the high spirits of its English interpreters.

At any rate, the fun of this English version—and it is often very funny indeed—bears the stamp of their intuitive humour. The necessary complications of a comedy-

gipsy band on a hill-top, goes echoing over the waters where Ferraro sails and sings from sheer happiness. Nor does it suffer any jarring interruption when the director, with consummate skill, steers into comic waters. Here Mr. Sonnie Hale portrays the impudent resourcefulness of the crook with gay assurance; Mr. Edmund Gwenn is the fussy, pompous, small-town Mayor to the life; and Miss Athene Seyler displays the keen edge of her comic gifts in an irresistible sketch of coquettish middle-age. The picture introduces a Continental film-star new to England, in the person of Miss Magda Schneider, *petite* and dainty, with a nice little accent. She is said to have mastered the English language for this part (which she created in German), and speaks it well. As for Mr. Jan Kiepura, with his sympathetic personality and disarming smile, it need only be added that his voice seems to have gained in fullness, and that his rendering of the theme-song, "Tell Me To-night," should send up the sale of gramophone records by leaps and bounds.

"THE BLUE LIGHT."

The work of another woman director opens the new season of Continental productions at the Rialto auspiciously. Miss Leni Riefenstahl, whom we have already seen starring in Dr. Fanck's fine productions, not only directed this legend of the Dolomites, but conceived the theme of it herself, and, in addition, plays the leading part. She has brought to the screen a parable of idealism and materialism, and endowed it with an exquisite beauty. To use her own words, here is a picture for "those who still have leisure for contemplation." It moves to the rhythm of a fairy-tale amongst the grandeur of lovely peaks and shimmering waterfalls; a rhythm far removed from up-to-date "pep." Yunta, beautifully played by Miss Riefenstahl, a waif of the mountains whom the superstitious villagers connect with a blue light that shines out at full moon on a high-flung peak, luring men to their death, stands for idealism. Her grotto is discovered and despoiled—for the blue crystals spell money; her dream is shattered, and with it her life. Miss Riefenstahl is obviously a disciple of Dr. Fanck. She makes the same dramatic use of nature's pageantry and the eternal call of the mountains. But her direction has its individual touches, an undercurrent of mysticism, a certain pitiful irony. She has handled her company of villagers (there is only one professional actor in the cast) in a masterly fashion.



"BLONDE VENUS," AT THE PLAZA: MARLENE DIETRICH AS HELEN FARADAY, WHO RETURNS TO THE STAGE AS "THE BLONDE VENUS" TO HELP HER HUSBAND; AND HERBERT MARSHALL AS THE HUSBAND.



"BLONDE VENUS," AT THE PLAZA: MARLENE DIETRICH AS HELEN FARADAY, AND DICKIE MOORE AS HER SON, WHO BRINGS ABOUT THE HAPPY ENDING—THE RECONCILIATION OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

In order that she may obtain money to enable her husband to take a voyage for his health, Helen Faraday returns to the stage. Her husband is suspicious as to her earnings and, as a result, there is estrangement. In the end, reunion is brought about by their child.—[By Courtesy of Paramount.]

plot arise from the rebellion of Ferraro, a famous singer, over-driven by his "non-stop" lady manager, played with her customary vigour by Miss Betty Chester. Her charge eludes her, boards a train for "Zern," picks up an importunate companion, who turns out to be an international crook, and settles down for a glorious holiday. To his dismay, his identity is revealed, but a reporter's error results in the crook's portrait going into the local papers instead of his own. Thus the happy tenor is free to pursue romance in a motor-car, the while the man without a voice, and every reason for avoiding publicity, finds the attention of the whole townlet, headed by Mayor and Mayoress, focussed on him. Moreover, the nymph of the mountains, more than a little suspicious, insists that the crook shall sing to her and for her. Here the scenarists have borrowed a leaf from "Cyrano de Bergerac" and turned it to comic account, with Mr. Sonnie Hale, as the volatile crook, going through all the lip-movements and gestures of a passionate serenade, whilst Mr. Kiepura, lurking beneath his lady love's balcony, supplies the golden voice. Eventually, of course, our hero has to come out into the open, and establishes his identity—at a police-station, where his double's unfortunate reputation has landed him—by his splendid rendering of operatic excerpts, with enthusiastic support by the local choir. His appearance in "La Vie de Bohème" the next evening caps his conquests. Plenty of opportunity here for Mr. Kiepura's splendid tenor voice, and more as he goes "carolling down the mountain side," singing to the village children, singing on the moonlit lake. Mr. Litwak, indeed, has sent a wave of music surging through the panorama of his beautifully photographed exteriors. It tinkles from a musical cigarette-box, is caught up by a



"THE TEMPEST," AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION ANNA STEN, THE NEW RUSSIAN STAR, AS ANNA, AND EMIL JANNINGS AS GUSTAV DUMKE, A GERMAN GANGSTER.

"The Tempest" is a melodrama of the underworld. Anna Sten and Emil Jannings are the leading players. The former has won stardom with her performance.—[By Courtesy of Gaumont British.]

Painted Sculpture of Bygone China: A Ming "Bodhisattva."

REPRODUCED FROM "THE GEORGE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION CATALOGUE OF CHINESE AND COREAN BRONZES, SCULPTURE, JADES, JEWELLERY, AND MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS."
By W. PERCEVAL YETTS. VOL. III. BUDDHIST SCULPTURE. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. ERNEST BENN, LTD.



A GILT AND PAINTED FIGURE OF A BODHISATTVA FROM THE MING PERIOD (1368—1644) OR EARLIER:
AN INTERESTING RELIC OF BUDDHIST RELIGIOUS ART IN CHINA. (HEIGHT, 2 FT. 6 IN.)

On this and the succeeding page we illustrate, in their original colours, two very interesting examples of Buddhist religious sculpture in China, dating probably from the Ming period, drawn from a new volume of that monumental work, the Catalogue of the famous collection made by Mr. George Eumorfopoulos. Our readers will remember that many other beautiful colour plates, from previous volumes of the same publication, have from time to

time been reproduced in our pages. The brief description of the above subject states that it represents a gilt and painted figure of a Bodhisattva, dating from the Ming period (1368-1644) or earlier. It is apparently one of a group, and another figure in the same group resembles one (now in the Royal Ontario Museum) which is said to have contained a tablet inscribed with a date in the twelfth century.



THE CHARM OF CHINESE BUDDHIST ART: A PAINTED FIGURE OF A BODHISATTVA MODELLED IN ROUNDED RELIEF, OF THE MING PERIOD (1368—1644) OR LATER. (5 FT. 2 IN. HIGH.)

REPRODUCED FROM "THE GEORGE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION CATALOGUE OF CHINESE AND COREAN BRONZES, SCULPTURE, JADES, JEWELLERY, AND MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS." By W. PERCEVAL YETTS. VOL. III. BUDDHIST SCULPTURE. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. ERNEST BENN, LTD.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE AEROPLANE IN INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL: THE ARSENAL TEAM FLY TO PARIS FOR A MATCH AGAINST THE RACING CLUB.



PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT SIDMOUTH.

Princess Ingrid, who is visiting England and staying with Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone, travelled to Sidmouth on October 30 to see her grandfather, the Duke of Connaught. She went to the hotel at which the Duke is staying, and during the afternoon went for a motor drive with him. Later she returned to town.

On October 29, Arsenal beat Leicester at Highbury. On October 31 they had arranged to play the Racing Club de Paris at the new Parc des Princes Stadium. Most of the team took the enterprising step of crossing the Channel by aeroplane. They travelled complete with manager and Club officials. Arsenal beat the Racing Club de France by five goals to two. The match was played on behalf of war charities.



MR. NORMAN DAVIS.

Mr. Norman Davis, the United States delegate to the Disarmament Conference, recently visited M. Herriot on his way from London to Geneva. In Geneva he said that it was necessary that the U.S.A. and Britain, as well as the other Naval Powers, should come to an understanding in any advance in disarmament was to be made.



PROFESSOR ADRIAN, F.R.S.

The well-known British neurologist. Foulerton Professor of the Royal Society, and a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Awarded Nobel Prize for 1932 in Medicine and Physiology jointly with Sir Charles Sherrington.



SIR CHARLES SHERRINGTON, F.R.S.

Waynflete Professor of Physiology at Oxford and a member of the Medical Research Council of the Privy Council. Awarded Nobel Prize jointly with Professor Adrian. Well known for his studies of the brain and the nervous system.



A FAMOUS BRITISH SOLDIER DEAD: THE LATE LORD METHUEN.

A famous British soldier under three reigns. Accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to Ashanti, and also on the Egyptian Expedition. Raised Methuen's Horse in Bechuanaland in 1884. Commanded the 1st Div. designed to relieve Kimberley in 1899, winning the battle of Modder River, and suffering the reverse of Magersfontein. Captured by De la Rey at Klip Drift. G.O.C.-in-C. South Africa, 1908. Governor of Malta, 1915.



THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING A WREATH FROM A V.C.'S WIDOW AT WORCESTER.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Worcester will be found described on pages 703 and 726 of this issue. He is here seen receiving the wreath which he laid on the War Memorial, near the Cathedral, from the widow of Private Dancox, V.C., who was killed in the war.



SIR MERVYN MACARTNEY.

Died October 28; aged seventy-eight. Came to be well known on account of his position as Surveyor to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral (1906-1930). He completed the work of its preservation.



SIR BERNARD MALLET.

Former Registrar-General. Died on October 28; aged seventy-three. Entered Foreign Office, 1882. Transferred to Treasury, 1885. Commissioner of Inland Revenue, 1897. Registrar-General, 1909. K.C.B., 1916. Retired, 1920.



SIR WILLIAM CLARKE HALL.

The well-known London Magistrate. Died October 28. Appointed to the Thames Court, 1913. Transferred to Old Street, 1914. Author of "The Law Relating to Children"; "The State and the Children"; and "Children's Courts."



SIR PERCIVAL CLARKE.

Appointed Chairman of the County of London Sessions, in place of Mr. Cecil Whiteley. A member of the General Council of the Bar since 1900. Senior Counsel to the Treasury at the Central Criminal Court, 1928.



THE NEW SOVIET AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: M. M. I. M. MAISKY PHOTOGRAPHED AT VICTORIA, WITH HIS WIFE.

M. Maisky, the new Russian Ambassador at St. James's, arrived at Victoria Station on October 27, and was met by Mr. Monck, representing the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. M. Maisky, as we noted under a portrait of him in our issue of October 15, comes of a wealthy Jewish family. While he was a student in Imperial days he was put under arrest for revolutionary activities. Later, turning journalist, he lived in London for several years, and he speaks English very well.



THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES: GOVERNOR FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT SPEAKING AT PITTSBURGH DURING HIS ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

The date fixed for the Presidential election in the United States is November 8, when there will also be elected a new House of Representatives, and successors to Senators due to retire. Both President Hoover, who seeks reelection as a Republican, and his Democratic opponent, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York, have lately been conducting a vigorous campaign and making extensive tours. Mr. Hoover left Washington on October 31 for New York and on the journey

(Continued opposite)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD:



THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES: PRESIDENT HOOVER (STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THE PLATFORM) SPEAKING AT CLEVELAND, OHIO. HARANGUED LARGE CROWDS AT BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA, AND NEWARK, N.J. AT THAT TIME MR. ROOSEVELT WAS TOURING MAINE, FORMERLY A REPUBLICAN STRONGHOLD. THE MAIN ISSUE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IS NOW THE ALLEVIATION OF TRADE DEPRESSION AND UNEMPLOYMENT, WHICH HAS DRIVEN OTHER QUESTIONS INTO THE BACKGROUND, EVEN THAT OF PROHIBITION, TO THE REPEAL OF WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT HAS COMMITTED HIMSELF AND HIS PARTY.



INSIDE A MODEL GAS-PROOF, BOMB-PROOF SHELTER IN BERLIN: A MAN ENTERING THROUGH THE EMERGENCY ENTRANCE—A PASSAGE UNDER THE WALL FILLED WITH WATER TO ABOVE THE WALL-LEVEL, THUS KEEPING OUT GAS, BUT ALLOWING STRAGGLERS TO ENTER THE SHELTER AT THE COST OF A DUCKING.



MODERN TYPES OF GERMAN GAS-MASKS, ONE WORN BY A WOMAN, DONNED INSIDE THE GAS-PROOF SHELTER.



EXERCISES IN A GAS-FILLED ROOM, IN CONNECTION WITH THE MODEL GAS-PROOF SHELTER IN BERLIN.

The Stahelheim organization has opened to public inspection a model bomb-proof shelter near the Tempelhof airport, Berlin's airport. The shelter holds fifty people. The internal walls are filled with sand and coal-dust to absorb gas. There is an emergency entrance for stragglers arriving after the shelter has been hermetically sealed against gas. This consists of a pit dug beneath one wall of the shelter, with steps on its outer and inner sides. The pit is filled with water above the level of the wall, so that no gas penetrates into the shelter, and the straggler may thus reach the interior—at the cost of total immersion.



A NEW ATTRACTION AT THE "ZOO": THE FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC OF TWO LION CUBS, HERE SEEN PLAYING WITH THEIR MOTHER'S TAIL.

Lena, the old lioness at the "Zoo," aged fifteen, brought out her cubs from her sleeping-box for the first time on October 27. They were born on September 1, and are thus about nine weeks old. They are lively and playful. On October 29 two tiger cubs were also on view for the first time, although they are a good deal senior to the lion cubs, having been born nine months ago.



A SNOWY OWL CAUGHT ON BOARD AN ATLANTIC LINER IN MID-OCEAN: THE BIRD IN ITS NEW QUARTERS AT THE "ZOO."

This Snowy owl was caught at sea, 800 miles off in the Atlantic, on board the R.M.S. "Albatross" bound from Canada to Plymouth. It was taken care of by a sailor, Mr. R. Murray, who has presented it to the "Zoo." It arrived a few days ago, and is expected to survive, as it feeds with alacrity on mice, fish, and rabbit. Snowy owls live all round the North Pole, but come south in winter.

INTERESTING EVENTS NEAR AND FAR.



DEMOLITION WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE SITE OF 4, CARLTON GARDENS: A FAMOUS LONDON HOUSE, ABOUT WHICH QUESTIONS WERE ASKED IN PARLIAMENT.

The Government was asked in the House of Commons, on October 31, what were the circumstances in which the Commissioners of Crown Lands decided to let 4, Carlton Gardens (the former residence of the late Earl Dalrymple) to a firm of paint manufacturers. It was learned that the Commissioners entered into a building agreement for the erection of a block of offices on the site. According to report, legislation will be necessary before new buildings can be erected on the Carlton Gardens site.



THE FAILURE OF A GERMAN ATTEMPT TO FLY ROUND THE WORLD: HERR VON GRONAU'S DAMAGED MACHINE ADRIFT IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Herr von Gronau, the German airman, who was on a flight round the world from east to west, was forced down into the sea by engine trouble off the coast of Burma, early in October. He and his companions were picked up by the British steamer "Karagala." Herr von Gronau, it may be recalled, left Germany to fly the Atlantic by the northern route, in July. He reached Labrador four days later, and had been last reported from Manila in September.



THE BURIAL OF THE ASHES OF THE BARD OF CLAN GREGOR IN A SNOWSTORM, AT BALQUHIDDER: A MOURNFUL BUT PICTURESCQUE HIGHLAND OCCASION.

Highlanders of many districts gathered to take part in the picturesque funeral of Col. John MacGregor, bard of Clan Gregor, which took place in the churchyard of the little village of Balquhider, in Perthshire. "Rob Roy's" monument, it may be mentioned, is situated in this churchyard, though "only distinguished" as Scott wrote, "by the rude attempt at the figure of a broadsword." The casket containing the ashes was carried by Sir Malcolm MacGregor. Clan-piper John MacGregor played lament.



THE BRAZILIAN CIVIL WAR ENDED: GENERAL KLINGER (UNIFORMED FIGURE IN DAM OVERCOAT), COMMANDER OF THE PAULISTA FORCES, ARRIVING IN RIO UNDER ARREST. The civil war in Brazil, which had lasted some three months, ended on October 2, when the rebel Government in the State of São Paulo fell, and General Klinger, Commander of the Paulista forces, took to flight. He was afterwards captured and brought to Rio de Janeiro. He had been dismissed from the command of Federal troops in the State of Mato Grosso on July 9. The revolt in São Paulo began immediately afterwards.



THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT HELD AT BUDAPEST—ENGLAND V. HOLLAND: MATCH PLAY IN THE CARD GAME WHOSE LAWS HAVE JUST BEEN REVISED.

Great interest has been aroused among card-players by the new Laws of Bridge, to come into force on November 7, drawn up by the Portland Club, the Whist Club of New York, and the Comptroller Francaise du Bridge. England won the above match game against Holland in the International Bridge Tournament in Budapest. At the table (left to right) are Col. H. M. Beasley (England), Van Croyen (Holland), Edward Meyer (England), H. Korten (Holland), Hungarian and Austrian teams also competed.

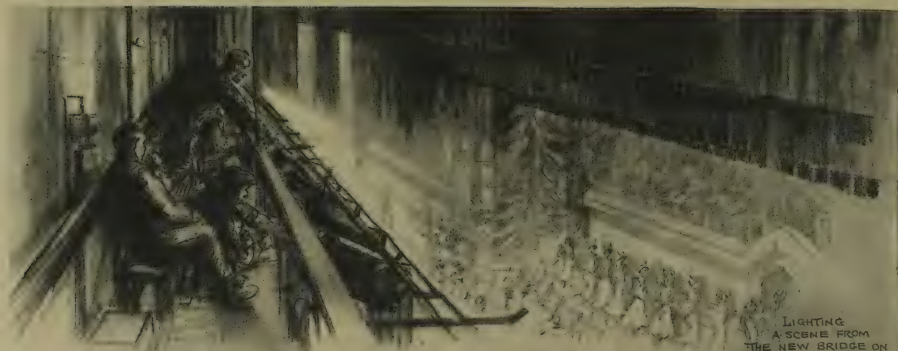


TROOPING OF FRENCH DRUMS CAPTURED IN THE PENINSULA: GENERAL HARINGTON WITH A DRUMMER IN 18th CENTURY UNIFORM.

The 121st anniversary of the Battle of Arroyo dos Molinos was celebrated, on Oct. 28, by the 1st Bn., Border Regiment (153rd Foot) at Borden, Hants., by trooping captured French drums. Seven young drummers, were uniforms of 1811. Sir Charles Harington, G.O.C. Alderbury, took the salute.

THE INNER WORKINGS OF OUR GREAT NATIONAL THEATRE: BEHIND THE SCENES AT DRURY LANE.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



LIGHTING
A SCENE FROM
THE NEW BRIDGE ON
THE STAGE SIDE OF
THE PROSCENIUM
ARCH—



"STAND BY"
THE ASSISTANT
STAGE-MANAGER
AT HIS CONTROL-
STATION IN THE
PROMPT CORNER.



ONE OF THE
BATTERIES OF
LIGHTING-TOWERS
IN THE WINGS—

THE ENORMOUS LIGHTING SWITCHBOARD
LOOKS LIKE THE INTERIOR OF A SUBMARINE—



A CHORUS REHEARSAL.
WORKING-UP ONE OF
THE NUMBERS BEFORE
THE DOORS OPEN.

STRENUOUS WORK
IN THE FLIES DURING
A DIFFICULT CHANGE OF
SCENE.

BRYAN DE G



THE CIRCULAR REVOLVING STAGE,
WITH ONE SCENE IN VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE, WHILE
THE SUCCEEDING SCENE (ON RIGHT) IS READY BEHIND IT—

"WILD VIOLETS" AS THE AUDIENCE DOES NOT SEE IT: MECHANISM

A new production at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane—the nearest approach to a national theatre we can boast in this land innocent of State support for the drama—is always of exceptional interest. Always it attracts the attention of the playgoer; always it calls for elaborate presentation and a large cast of players, to say nothing of an army of stage hands, dressers, and so forth, and numerous front-of-the-house functionaries; always it means much work for

scenic artists and designers and makers of costumes; often it necessitates the adoption of novel mechanical devices. "Wild Violets," which was seen for the first time on Monday, October 31, is a case in point. It has been much discussed for many weeks; it has a cast of over 160 actors and actresses and there are 120 stage hands; it has a Prologue and an Epilogue, each with two scenes, and there are 12 other scenes; and some 260 costumes are worn at each

OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE NEW MUSICAL-COMEDY OPERETTA.

performance. As to the devices, these include a revolving stage, so that scene can be built up behind scene as the piece progresses and the minimum of delay incurred; and a system of lighting which includes a new bridge on the stage side of the proscenium arch and employs 120 spotlights, many of them with telescopic lenses of three or four colours. To which it may be added that 900 very small electric lamps create the star-spangled background in the

elopement scene and that 500 of them are used for the ice-skating scene. Finally, let us note that "Wild Violets" has music by Robert Stolz, and that the book by Bruno Hardt-Warden was turned into English by Desmond Carter, Reginald Purdell, and Hilda Short, who is responsible for the production as a whole. It has won much success in Germany and in Holland, and it has been arranged that it shall have some eighty new productions on the Continent.



THE DISORDERS AT HYDE PARK DURING THE DEMONSTRATION OF WELCOME TO THE MARCHERS BY THE NATIONAL UNEMPLOYED WORKERS' MOVEMENT: MOUNTED POLICE MOVING-ON A CROWD OUTSIDE THE PARK.

DISTURBANCES CAUSED LESS BY EXTREMISTS: THE MEANS TEST



CLEARING HYDE PARK OF DISORDERLY DEMONSTRATORS: MOUNTED

UNEMPLOYED MARCHERS THAN BY DEMONSTRATIONS IN LONDON.

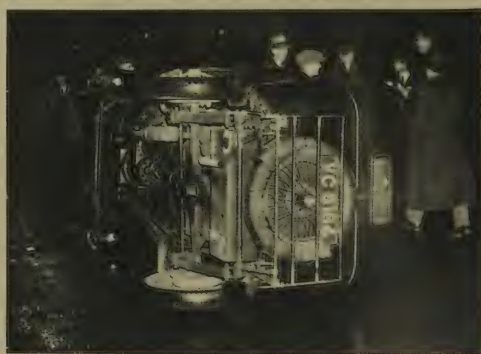


POLICE, THEIR STAFFS DRAWN, ADVANCING TOWARDS THE CROWD.



AN ARREST DURING THE DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE PARK: POLICE PLACING A PRISONER IN ONE OF THE VANS DRAWN UP FOR THE PURPOSE DURING THE FIRST MEANS TEST DISTURBANCES IN LONDON.

HOOLIGANISM
DURING THE
ABORTIVE
ATTEMPT TO
ASSEMBLE
AT THE HOUSE
OF COMMONS ON
NOVEMBER 1:
A MOTOR-CAR
OVERTURNED
ON THE
EMBANKMENT.



WHEN THE DISORDERS WERE AT THEIR HEIGHT DURING THE



DEMONSTRATION: MOUNTED POLICE MOVING-ON A CROWD.



THE ARREST OF
MR. WAL
HANNINGTON,
ORGANISER
OF THE
NATIONAL
UNEMPLOYED
WORKERS'
MOVEMENT.



THE MEETING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30: POLICE AT THE TOP OF WHITEHALL, PREPARED TO DEAL WITH DISORDERS.

It is abundantly evident that the Means Test disturbances in London were caused far less by the unemployed marchers than by extremists exploiting them with a view to intimidating the Government and, it may be assumed, of giving a wrong impression abroad. As the Home Secretary pointed out when referring to the trouble in and about Hyde Park on October 27, generally, no disorder occurred during the marches of those proceeding to the Park for the demonstration of welcome organised by the National Unemployed Workers' Movement until a gang of young men and some disorderly persons

broke into Great Cumberland Place from a procession advancing by way of Edgware Road. Then began missile-throwing and various clashes between the crowd and the police; and "the crowd" must be understood to include many non-marchers, to say nothing of impeding onlookers, drawn to the spot by idle curiosity, who made the task of the authorities exceedingly difficult by creating congestion, especially when it was necessary to clear certain areas. Again to quote Sir John Gilmour: "A great part of this difficulty (of maintaining order) is not caused by the genuine unemployed, but by those who



ON THE PLINTH OF NELSON'S COLUMN DURING THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE MEETING ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30: THE NATIONAL UNEMPLOYED WORKERS' MOVEMENT.



SQUARE MEETING ON THE SUNDAY: SPEAKERS

have only one object, and that is to create disturbances." As to the Trafalgar Square meeting on Sunday, October 30, Sir John, speaking on the Monday, stated that, save for minor incidents, it passed off without disorder. Such disturbances as were in evidence during it and after it were not of much significance. On the same day, Mr. McGovern, who had endeavoured to arrange that a deputation of the marchers should be heard at the Bar of the House of Commons, announced that leaders of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement were not in agreement with his plan, and said that Mr.



THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE MEETING: THE GATES OF THE ADMIRALTY ARCH CLOSED AGAINST THE CROWD ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30.

Wal Hannington had explained that they "relied on their massed strength to enforce their will on Parliament." It was with this intention that Mr. Hannington decided that, after a mass meeting at Camberwell Green on November 1, he would lead a deputation of fifty marchers to the House of Commons. Before noon on that day, however, detectives raided the headquarters of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and Mr. Hannington was arrested. He was charged at Bow Street and was remanded for a week. Bail was refused.



PRINCE GEORGE'S VISIT TO CARDIFF, WHERE HE RECEIVED THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES.

On October 25 Prince George visited Cardiff and there received the honorary freedom of the City. In this he followed the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, who have all been admitted freemen of Cardiff. After the brief freedom ceremony, which was held at the City Hall, his Royal Highness proceeded to the National Museum of Wales and formally opened the new eastern range of galleries.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARRANGED TO ATTEND A THANKSGIVING SERVICE ON NOVEMBER 3: THE WORK OF RESTORATION COMPLETE.

After ten years' work and at a cost of about £130,000—a much longer period and a far greater expenditure than was originally anticipated—Lincoln Cathedral has at last been completely restored, and its safety, at one time in real jeopardy, may now be considered secure. A considerable part of the cost has been generously subscribed by American citizens.



THE RECONSTRUCTED BRIDGE ACROSS THE SEVERN AT WORCESTER, WHICH WAS OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON OCTOBER 28: THE PROCESSION PASSING OVER THE BRIDGE TOWARDS CRIPPLEGATE PARK.

As noted on other pages in this issue, the Prince of Wales visited Worcester last week, and opened the bridge which has been widened to allow for increased traffic demands. Our photograph shows a general view of the structure, with the city of Worcester in the background and

the Cathedral on the right. On the extreme right is seen a corner of Cripplegate Park, an extension of which his Royal Highness opened. Here were gathered 1500 school children, who welcomed his Royal Highness by singing "God Bless the Prince of Wales."



THE NEW VATICAN ART GALLERY, RECENTLY OPENED BY THE POPE: THE RAPHAEL ROOM, WHICH CONTAINS "THE TRANSFIGURATION" AND THE RAPHAEL TAPESTRIES. The new Vatican picture gallery was inaugurated by the Pope on October 27, and will shortly be open to the public. It has been built at a cost of £150,000 to contain the collection previously housed on the ground floor of the Vatican Museum, as well as many works of art which had formerly been in churches and palaces. The rooms of the new gallery, which was designed by Senator Luca Beltrami, are arranged, in the main, in the chronological order of the schools.



THE POPE (SEEN TOWARDS THE RIGHT WEARING A HAT) AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW VATICAN ART GALLERY, WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT IN THE VATICAN GARDENS. In the Giotto Room is to be seen the famous triptych painted by Giotto for the High Altar in the old Basilica of St. Peter's. The portions have been reassembled in an oak frame and carefully restored. "The Transfiguration," in the Raphael Room, which is shown here, has been cleaned with complete success. Lawrence's portrait of King George IV. is hung close to the priceless Raphael tapestries which that King helped Pope Pius VII. to recover from Paris.



In a Class by itself



Opening time
is
GUINNESS TIME

GUINNESS
and OYSTERS
ARE GOOD FOR YOU



BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LOOKING back on pre-war politics, one sees few statesmen making any constructive effort towards an organisation of the world and human affairs on co-operative lines, such as Mr. H. G. Wells is never tired of preaching. They were all engaged, as some of their successors are still, in party squabbles or local controversies, and, with regard to other countries, in promoting competitive nationalism. Not that the wider issues lacked a voice to proclaim them. Did not that now despised poet, Tennyson, anticipate and crystallise the essence of the Wellsian doctrine and predictions? An early poem pictured not only commercial aviation, but aerial warfare raging in the heavens—

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

And again, in his old age, the same poet outlined his cosmopolitan Utopia in slightly fuller detail—

When the schemes and all the systems,
Kingdoms and Republics fall,
Something kindlier, higher, holier—all for each
and each for all.

Does not that with its context rather express, succinctly, the sort of thing that Mr. Wells has in view?

Up to the year 1914 many of us lived in a fool's paradise—fondly imagining that man was on his way, gradually, towards realising the poet's dream. Scribes like myself may even have hoped to help on the good work. Then came the Great War and knocked the bottom out of our world and stultified all our literary aspirations. Since then I have never been able to take a deep interest in any book that does not bear on this world problem, or tend in some way to its solution; for I hate to think of my children and grandchildren being overtaken by a similar catastrophe, intensified by modern improvements in the machinery of wholesale massacre.

Nowadays I notice a tendency to cast the blame for provoking the war, vaguely, on the whole generation to which the parents of the fighting men belonged, rather than on any single nation or any group of individuals. Germany, above all, has been more vocal than ever of late in protesting her injured innocence. No doubt the people who brought about the war did belong to that generation, but I cannot see that everyone who belonged to it was equally responsible, in this country and elsewhere, as so many modern writers seem to imply. In every conflict there is an aggressor, or a gang of aggressors.

It is mainly from this point of view that I approach the authoritative memoir of a great British statesman who, if he did not try to organise the world, at least sought to prevent the war, namely, "THE LIFE OF HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH." By J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith. Two vols. With Forty-four Illustrations (Hutchinson; 36s.). Here we have a political biography of the first importance written, produced, and illustrated in a way which, I think, could hardly be surpassed. To make it a work of collaboration was a happy idea, for, in the first place, such a task is almost too much for one person, and, secondly, the choice of these particular collaborators has enabled the public and the private sides of his life each to be placed in the most appropriate hands. These pages give us a full-length portrait both of the statesman and the man. We are taken step by step through a great political career, and at the same time we get intimate glimpses of his domestic life and his two happy marriages, regarding the second of which, especially, there are many delightful and revealing letters. Towards the end comes the tragic loss of his brilliant eldest son on the field of battle.

On the question of war guilt, the attitude taken in this biography may be indicated by a passage in one of Mr. Spender's chapters. "It has been suggested in after years," he writes, "that a Cabinet of old men drove the youth of the country blindfold into a war which they would have declined if they had known the facts. Asquith's Ministry was composed for the most part of men who were relatively young, and the great majority of whom were, as Mr. Churchill has said, 'overwhelmingly pacific.' But if they had shirked what was universally held to be

the direct challenge of German militarism, they would have had no sterner reckoning than with the young men of the country."

The same idea thus challenged crops up in a book which vividly pictures English life during the war years—"AS WE ARE." A Modern Revue. By E. F. Benson (Longmans; 15s.). This work is by way of sequel to the same author's previous volume, "As We Were," described as "a Victorian peep-show," but, although the title suggests the actual present, the opening scene, laid in a country house, takes us back to the early part of 1914. Succeeding episodes show the effect of the war on the elder generation as well as the younger. The revue method is carried on through most of the book, but Mr. Benson diverges into an essay form in three concluding chapters, entitled respectively "Eminent Men," "Grub Street," and "Stocktaking."



THE SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE FIRST PREHISTORIC WALL-PICTURES KNOWN IN PALESTINE—ILLUSTRATED ON PAGES 730 AND 731: THE CAVE OF UMM QATAFA, IN THE "WILDERNESS OF JUDAH."

The discoveries of M. Neuville in Palestine, described and illustrated by him elsewhere in this issue, are of great interest and importance. The prehistoric rock drawings recently found at Umm Qatafa are the first known in Palestine. They are ascribed to the Lower Natufian period, contemporary with the Magdalenian culture in France and Spain which produced the famous rock pictures of the Altamira and other caves.

In the revue portion of the book Mr. Benson has cleverly blended his own impressions of the period with little scenes of personal drama. Referring to the young men called to fight, he says, "the fate of the world rested on their shoulders; they were the bewildered scapegoats who were driven out into this desert of death, to expiate the criminal pride and folly of those who had been in charge of world affairs while they were yet unbreeched." Again, after some scenes of a typical war-time love affair, presented in the revue manner, the author, assuming the character of *compère*, comments thereupon: "There were many of these Joyces and Dereks. . . . They were going to have no interference on the part of those whom they were saving from the consequences of their own mismanagements. Their elders could not dispute their right." In his outlook on the future Mr. Benson is pessimistic, for he points out that, while the streets of Geneva are "a-flutter with olive branches," the chemists and mechanics of the world are in unceasing session to render war, if it occurs again, a thousand times more ghastly than it has ever been, and that precisely the same provocative causes are at work again.

Another interesting view of war occurs in the reminiscences of one of our most famous patriotic poets, "MY WORLD AS IN MY TIME." Memoirs of Sir Henry Newbolt, 1862—1932. With sixteen Colotype Illustrations (Faber and Faber; 18s.). This book is only the first volume of Sir Henry's memories, and ends in 1905. Consequently discussion of the subject is limited to the South African War. Alluding to a friend's suggestion that disarmament must come eventually, to save us from "a final internecine war which would suddenly end our civilisation," Sir Henry records his "complete assent," and goes on to mention a Victorian novel which was Wellsian before Wells, recalling the deadly heat-ray used by invaders from Mars. "I then remembered," Sir Henry writes, "the story of *The Coming Race*, in which in the early 'seventies Bulwer Lytton had represented a rediscovered world of men, possessed of a current or fluid called *Vril*, a means of destruction so far-reaching and instantaneous that the terror of it had at once brought about a universal compact to abstain from using it except against dangerous criminals. This forecast was not taken seriously in 1871, when it appeared, and in the thirty years since then it had been entirely forgotten. To-day the chief arguments which move our Conferences are a repetition of it. . . . War may be righteous and magnanimous, it may foster as well as degrade the nobility of men; but it is none the less inadmissible from the moment when it has become the nearest thing to Nihilism."

Needless to add, Sir Henry's book is rich in literary interest, and has all the charm of style that one expects. He describes his boyhood, schooldays at Clifton, college friendships at Oxford, his first successes as a poet with "Admirals All" and "Drake's Drum," and his experiences as joint founder and editor of the *Monthly Review*. Especially interesting are the records of his friendships with such men as Robert Bridges, W. B. Yeats, and Joseph Conrad. He quotes Mr. E. F. Benson's dictum that the ideal autobiography, though strictly founded on fact, should read like a work of fiction. Personally, I think the result would be a novel in forty volumes. No ordinary novel could cover a man's whole personal record, although it might better convey his character and present more vividly certain selected episodes.

I must reserve for another week several other books of great interest concerning either war in general and its probable future evolution, or the Great War in particular and its effects, social, political, and economic. The first category is represented by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller's "WAR AND WESTERN CIVILISATION," 1832—1932. A Study of War as a Political Instrument in the Expression of Mass Democracy (Duckworth; 10s.). One phase of the Great War appears in the story of a German who served his country from the inside of an English Censor's Office (!)—"THE INVISIBLE WEAPONS." By J. C. Silber (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). In "BRIGADE SIGNALS." By J. B. Scrivenor (Oxford: Blackwell; 6s.), we get a description of training (on its lighter side) and of active service in France. The war's after-effects on Europe in general are traced in "SLUMP." By H. Hessel Tiltman. Illustrated (Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.), and on our own country particularly in "JUST THE OTHER DAY." An Informal History of Great Britain Since the War. By John Collier and Iain Lang. Illustrated (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.).

Here again is developed, incidentally, the thesis that "age had willed the conflict, or had permitted it, and had sent youth to die in millions in retrieving its blunders." It appears manifest, however (as indicated in the Life of Lord Oxford), that there would have been a big war in Europe, whether Britain had come in or not. This vague indictment of "age," therefore, should properly be aimed, I think, at those senile persons (in Prussia, Austria, or wherever it was) who "willed the conflict." The only possible charge against our own dotards, it would seem, is that they failed to induce the nation to stand aside and allow its promise to Belgium (rashly given by certain of their doddering predecessors) to pass unhonoured.

C. E. B.

A FRIEZE OF BEASTS MADE 12,000 B.C.: THE FIRST PREHISTORIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF M. René NEUVILLE, FIELD DIRECTOR OF THE PREHISTORICAL



THE ROCK CARVINGS AND DRAWINGS, DATED AT ABOUT 12,000 B.C., FOUND BY M. NEUVILLE AND HIS ASSOCIATES IN THE CAVE OF UMM QATAFA AT WADY KHAREITUN. 2. A HIPPOPOTAMUS, PEACEFUL AND STUPID-LOOKING; 3. A SECOND ELEPHANT, WITH A HEAVY TAIL; 4. A LITTLE CERVOID ANIMAL; 5. A WILD BOAR, WITH CHARACTERISTIC



CONTEMPORARY WITH THE UMM QATAFA DRAWINGS, AND FOUND IN THE LOWER NATUFAN LEVEL OF THE NEIGHBOURING CAVE OF UMM EZ-ZULHINA: A LIMESTONE STATUETTE OF A CERVOID ANIMAL, STILL BEARING TRACES OF RED PAINT—REPRODUCED ABOUT NATURAL SIZE.

Continued.]

elephant has no tusks. Behind this elephant, a little cervoid animal (No. 4) lifts its head gracefully. Its back is painted in black; the neck and breast are carved. Next comes a wild boar (No. 5), with characteristic snout. Its eye is painted in black, and its hairs are skillfully represented by a rough part of the rock. Behind, a one-horned rhinoceros (No. 6) stands in the stupid attitude usual to this pachyderm. The horn on the snout is carefully drawn and carved, the sex clearly indicated; the thick folds on the abdomen are typical. From the technical point of view, this

drawing, toned with black paint and most accurately carved in its details, forms the completest representation we here possess. It is hard to say what animal the next black painting (No. 7) represents, with one of its lines deeply cut. Finally, the designer has wonderfully profited by the natural lines of the rock to shape out a pretty cervoid animal (No. 8), lowering its head to the ground as if for eating. Below, in a recess of the rock impossible to be photographed, a head of an ox, perfectly natural, is carved in the rock. On the other walls of the cave there are some incisions denoting a human hand, but no picture has been clearly traced. By

[Continued opposite.]

ROCK DRAWINGS THAT HAVE BEEN FOUND IN PALESTINE.

EXHIBITION IN THE REAR EAST OF THE INSTITUT DE PALEONTOLOGIE HUMAINE DE PARIS.



IN THE JUDEAN DESERT—REPRESENTING ANIMALS ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS SIZE: 1. AN ELEPHANT, WITH THE HAIRS UPRIGHT ON ITS HEAD, RUSHING FORWARD TO ATTACK; 2. A HIPPOPOTAMUS, PEACEFUL AND STUPID-LOOKING; 3. A SECOND ELEPHANT, WITH A HEAVY TAIL; 4. A LITTLE CERVOID ANIMAL; 5. A WILD BOAR, WITH CHARACTERISTIC

Continued.]

the removal of the lowest deposits of this cave, I discovered on one of the walls, above the primitive level of the deposits in 1928, representations of animals. My associate, M. M. Siekels, therefore undertook to study the carvings and, with his wide knowledge of European prehistoric pictures, to define the exact limits of human work. As the rocks have suffered severe damage, this work has not yet been completed. To my discovery, others were soon added by my associates: my wife discerned a graceful cervoid animal (No. 4); the Rev. Fr. Duvinage discovered a pretty head of an ox; and Mr. R. Ben-Dor, architect, pointed out a monumental hippopotamus (No. 2). The prehistoric designer of these pictures employed the simplest of means for their execution. In one place he profited by the suitable natural lines of the rock, just adapting them for his purpose; in another place he has deeply hewn the rock; sometimes he has produced embossed figures; at others he has made use of black paint. Notwithstanding this freedom of process, the designer has necessarily drawn all his animals on the same level, one behind the other, all facing the entrance of the cave. The first animal is a strong elephant (No. 1), thrusting its trunk forward, with wide-open mouth and the hairs upright on its head; the eye is clearly drawn. We have here an animal in fury rushing forward as to attack. The hippopotamus (No. 2) which follows is in strong contrast, with its peaceful and stupid look and its clumsy walk. The head is entirely in emboss work. Then comes a second elephant (No. 3), its head lowered to the ground, quiet and natural also. The characteristic of this animal is a very heavy tail, the drawing of which is quite clear and proves it to be entirely intentional.

[Continued below on left.]



DETAIL OF THE ROCK CARVINGS SHOWN ABOVE: THE RHINOCEROS (NO. 6), STANDING IN THE USUAL STUPID ATTITUDE OF THE BEAST—A DRAWING TONED WITH BLACK PAINT AND VERY ACCURATELY CARVED.

their style and technical execution these pictures are to be connected with the artistic development that marks the end of Palaeolithic times. In Western Europe this development reaches its climax in the Magdalenian period. In Palestine it seems to have been reached by the Lower Natufan culture, recognised four years ago by Miss D. Garrod, which has already given fine works of art. From among these I here reproduce a statuette in limestone found a few months ago in the cave of Umm ez-Zulhina, situated also in the Judean desert. This statuette is that of a cervoid animal, represented sitting, with its fore-paws bent backwards.

The object is well preserved, with the exception of the missing head and broken paws. The position of the neck seems to indicate that its snout rested on or quite near the ground. The total effect of this statuette, as well as that of the wall drawings, is one of a sure observation of nature and of an artistic taste comparable with those observed in the sculptures and engravings of the Magdalenian period of southern France and northern Spain. This period, as well, probably, as the Lower Natufan, ranges somewhere about 12,000 B.C. At that time, as the flint and bone implements prove, fishing and cultivation were already practised in Palestine.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

MR. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG is a first-rate novelist. His writing is always sound, sometimes beautiful; he has a wide range of sympathies; he can portray ordinary straightforward human beings and make them interesting; he knows what part a man's job plays in his life. His attitude towards love is not sentimental, but just romantic enough to save his general outlook from the charge of being too sane and wholesome. "The House Under the Water" conforms to the prevailing fashion: it is a very long story, crowded with characters. Griffith Tregaron is the chief; a fiery little man with French blood in his veins and an Italian wife, he inherits the family estate in Wales, and soon makes his vivid personality felt, if not liked or respected. His children get on with their neighbours better than he does. To the last he remains something of an Ishmael. He has made and lost fortunes; profited by the stream that ran through his valley and been ruined by it. He is a picturesque figure, who appeals to the imagination more than he convinces the mind. Some of the minor characters are excellent; but perhaps the chief merit of the story is the vivid impression it gives of the change that came over England with the introduction of the bicycle. The bicycle, like the Elan pipeline, symbolises a new order; Mr. Brett Young makes the 'eighties seem real enough, but wonderfully remote.

Mr. Edward Shanks examines the post-war world of London, using as his microcosm the Bran-Pie Club, a comfortable institution in Soho, where Bohemians and other members of Queer Street meet and pass convivial hours. So many threads are woven into Mr. Shanks's story it is impossible to disentangle them in a short space. There were those who profited by their association with the Club: Euan Cartaret, for instance, could not have made such strides in his career without the help of Sir Maurice Blabey, most genial and modest of financiers. But the majority of the members had an unlucky influence on each other; nor does Mr. Shanks shrink from the task of giving them their deserts. The total effect of the book is slightly lowering: we get the impression of wheels running down, of a promising day turning to rain. But the interest, divided into so many channels, never fails, and Mr. Shanks's versatility is as genuine as it is remarkable. He keeps ten or a dozen separate stories going at a time, crossing each other's course like horses in a musical ride; they have little in common save their chief point of intersection, the Bran-Pie Club, and the fact that they are somehow typical of modern life. "Queer Street" is a giant among novels, but a giant that, in spite of moments of lethargy, is alive to the finger-tips.

Turning to "The Gods Arrive," we find ourselves looking at a comparatively empty stage. True, there is an American millionairess, a self-seeking Italian duke, and a whole train of cosmopolitan loungers to provide light relief; but the people whom Mrs. Wharton bids us study are only two: Vance Weston, the brilliant young novelist, and his mistress, Halo Tarrant. At the beginning of the story she wanted to be everything to him—she especially wanted to be his wife; but her husband would not release her. Half-way through, when there seemed a possibility of that release, she hesitated to avail herself of it: she was convinced that she could not be more to Vance than one resource out of many. At the end—but I must not anticipate. "The Gods Arrive," though actually a sequel, is a complete novel in itself. It is a splendid specimen of Mrs. Wharton's art—mature, careful, subtle, humorous, and ironical, but with a great deal of feeling at the back of it. And though the figures are few, the canvas is enormous: Spain, Paris, London, New England are all presented with the same fullness of vision and sureness of touch.

"Young Woman of 1914" is an introductory novel to Herr Zweig's "Case of Sergeant Grischa." It is disappointing that the gallant and luckless sergeant makes no appearance. The story of Lenore Wahl and Werner Bertin, the young Jew who seduced her, is a decidedly squalid one. A considerable section of the book is devoted to a vivid description of the methods by which Lenore rids herself of her unwanted child—a subject surely more suited to a manual of pathology than a novel. There is a good deal of anti-war propaganda; there are interesting accounts of Bertin's experiences with the A.S.C.; but, after "Grischa," the book is a disappointment.

Let us turn to China, where War, though it wears a grim countenance, has, at any rate, the merit of unfamiliarity.

Nor was Wang the Third, Mrs. Buck's hero in "Sons," a soldier *malgré lui*; directly his father (the farmer in "The Good Earth") was dead, he embraced the profession of arms with renewed vigour. Presently he became a War Lord, with all that that implies. Wang the Tiger was certainly no humanitarian, as his wife discovered when she conspired with his enemies. But so cleverly has Mrs. Buck drawn him that we never judge him by European standards, and his ferocity alienates us less than it alienated his own son, who forswore a soldier's life, almost at the cost of his own. We get the impression from Mrs. Buck's fine story that Wang and his like will soon be anachronisms: but I wonder.

There is plenty of fighting in "Black Mischief"—Mr. Evelyn Waugh's amusing, original, and characteristic contribution to the literature of Ruritania. But his Azania (an island off the coast of East Africa) is not a kingdom of romance, with swords and cloaks and

on them by their monarch, Seth, a young man with a University education and a pathetic desire to give his subjects the benefit of it. He is at once a comic and a tragic figure. Mr. Waugh, I think, treats him rather heartlessly; but then the milk of human kindness very soon turned sour in Azania, as Dame Mildred Porch discovered when she tried to teach the Sakuyus to be nice to animals.

"Family History" brings us back into the heart of civilisation, for was not Evelyn Jarrold the flower of it? And could the unhappy situation that arose between her and Miles Vane-Merrick have been maintained if they had not both known the rules too well to break them? Evelyn was the victim of a social convention, which made it easy to enter on a love-affair, but did not help her to escape from it. Had she belonged to another stratum of society, she would perhaps have fared better. As it was, her passion wrecked her own life and gravely disarranged Miles's. Miss Sackville-West portrays her with sympathy and subtlety. She was not merely a woman in love; her relationship with her son, Dan, is one of the most delightful and touching things in this story, which, for power and variety of characterisation, and for depth of feeling, ranks among the author's best.

I was a little disappointed in "St. Martin's Summer," which is also the love-story of a middle-aged woman. Mr. Dobrée has many gifts—some innate, some fortuitous. He is intelligent and perceptive, and he knows Cairo like a resident, not like a tourist. He gives us an excellent idea of what life in an English colony in Egypt is like. And he has a sense of character: Hubert Bingham, the typical "nice" Englishman, who marries Mrs. Arundel's daughter, might be a stick, but is not. Mr. Dobrée's weakness is that he cannot tell a story: "the St. Martin's summer" of Mrs. Arundel's love for Wilmer is formless and interminable, and, when transplanted to England, almost tiresome.

"Venusberg" is a brief, brilliant story of a young English journalist's sojourn in a Baltic republic. Lushington made a lot of queer friends; he fell in love; he returned to England sadder and perhaps wiser than he left it. Mr. Powell writes with a dry humour that is very attractive; but I wish there were more cracks in the polished surface of his sophistication.

There are plenty of such cracks in "Young Man's Testament." What one looks for in vain is sophistication. This water-party on the Broads was a gloomy affair even before it was darkened by the shadow of a crime: if, indeed, it was a crime to push Jim overboard. One of the survivors doubted this; but they all seriously discussed the idea of handing Thelma over to justice—surely a most unnatural proceeding. Mr. Arrow is a very earnest young man, and his earnestness and interest in abstract ideas give him a certain power. He is determined to analyse the effect of unalleviated contiguity on six young people, boxed up in a small boat, highly sexed and very serious. Everything in the story that concerns boats and seamanship is excellent; but the author's handling of human beings is decidedly heavy.

"Anna Priestly," too, is gloomy, but at any rate Miss Herbert gives us interesting pictures of working-class life in a Welsh mining town. Her characters have an existence outside their own thoughts; there is nothing experimental in their loves. Poor Anna Priestly was whirled off her feet by Cyril, the Don Juan of

Crunch's Row. The neighbourhood was hard on her, and her daughter, Laine, was not much consolation. This is rather a bleak story, the moral of which seems to be—at all costs keep respectable.

"Trinc!" has exactly the opposite moral; but perhaps that is to be expected, since the moral is voiced by characters who have strayed into the twentieth century out of the pages of Rabelais. How they came to give their advice to the two young tourists who had met exploring the castle of Chinon, is the theme of Mr. Watson's fantasy—a gay little story, pleasantly pagan.

One love-story more. Mr. Martin Armstrong is a fastidious and distinguished writer, who always adorns, and generally gives life to, any subject he touches. "Lover's Leap" is one of his slighter stories; it is also one of his most successful. How seldom do we find it suggested that lovers can learn from past mistakes! Here they do—at least, Philip and Rose do; Meriel, the third, the tragic "voice," could never have learned.



AN AMBITIOUS "GUY" MADE FOR THE DURGA PUJAH FESTIVAL AT CAWNPORE: A FIGURE REPRESENTING RAWANA, THE GIANT-VILLAIN OF THE RAMAYANA EPIC WHO WAS VANQUISHED BY THE HERO, RAMA.

Throughout Northern India and the Punjab the goddess Durga, the wife of Shiva, is worshipped in Hindu families at the time of the annual Dusshera festival. According to some, this is really held in honour of Rama, the hero of the great Ramayana epic, which will be found described on the opposite page. The festival in honour of Rama corresponds with the *Durga puja* of Bengal. On this day, however, Rama also marched against the giant Rawana, who had stolen his wife, Sita. Thus the two celebrations have become closely linked, and our correspondent describes the photograph reproduced here (taken at Cawnpore) as showing an effigy of the evil giant Rawana, which is burnt at this festival. Rawana carried off Rama's wife to Ceylon, but Rama eventually won her back.

chivalrous gestures: it is the abode of savage negroes whose only acquaintance with civilisation has been forced

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The House Under the Water.* By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.)
Queer Street. By Edward Shanks. (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.)
The Gods Arrive. By Edith Wharton. (Appleton; 7s. 6d.)
Young Woman of 1914. By Arnold Zweig. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
Sons. By Pearl S. Buck. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
Black Mischief. By Evelyn Waugh. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
Family History. By V. Sackville-West. (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.)
St. Martin's Summer. By Bonamy Dobrée. (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.)
Venusberg. By Anthony Powell. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
Young Man's Testament. By John Arrow. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)
Anna Priestly. By Evelyn Herbert. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
Trinc! By Francis Watson. (Lovat Dickson; 7s. 6d.)
Lover's Leap. By Martin Armstrong. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)

"GUYS" OF THE RAM-LILA DRAMA: WEIRD INDIAN "SET-PIECES."



"GUYS," TYPICAL OF THOSE BURNT IN MANY INDIAN VILLAGES, AND REPRESENTING THE EVIL GIANTS WHOSE DEFEAT IS A FEATURE OF THE RAM-LILA: HUGE FIGURES, OR "SET-PIECES," MADE OF COMBUSTIBLES AND FIREWORKS.

The use of "guys," that are burnt, with or without fireworks, at some popular festival, is probably world-wide. At a time when our own particular "Guy Fawkes" is very much to the fore, we feel that these pictures of Indian "guys" will not fall inaptly. Of course, strictly speaking, these figures have nothing in their nature or use akin to that of Guy Fawkes, and, indeed, they form part of a sort of dramatic display called the Ram-lila. The Ram-lila (or "play of Rama") is described as partaking both of the nature of a mediæval mystery-play and of a public festival. The play, which is enormously popular, is acted in most parts of India in the course of September, not by professional companies, but by bands of amateurs. The play centres round the plot of the great epic, the Ramayana, referred to in connection

with the pictures on the opposite page. Rama (who also symbolises the ideal man) is banished by his father, the King of Oudh, through the machinations of a jealous stepmother. To add to Rama's misfortunes, his wife, Sita (symbolising the ideal woman), is carried off by Rawana, an evil giant, and King of Ceylon. Hanuman, the monkey god, is Rama's principal servant and his general, and in the end he and Rama vanquish the giant and his supporters and win back Sita. Hanuman crosses the Palk Strait between India and Ceylon in one bound. In the course of the play the figures of the giant-villain and his retainers are burnt as a symbol of their defeat. It may also be mentioned in this connection that Sita, Rama's wife, went through an ordeal by fire in order to prove her chastity.

THE POSSESSED.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE": Edited by ALDOUS HUXLEY.*

(PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM HEINEMANN.)

THIS is the most notable collection of letters of our time, and it is very possible that it will be better known to the public, and will make a deeper impression, than any of Lawrence's imaginative works. It will certainly help towards a more sympathetic understanding of a strangely tormented nature, which suffered much not only from the world, but from itself.

That understanding, however, will be partial only: for at the end of these eight hundred pages of intimate, unreserved self-revelation, the mind and the art of D. H. Lawrence still remain elusive, enigmatical. This is partly because letters to friends are necessarily affected by the mood of the moment: it is unreasonable to expect in them perfect consistency of belief or statement, especially when they cover a long period of time. There are a dozen different Lawrences in these letters, and innumerable irreconcilable contradictions; and we look in vain for some of those beliefs which Mr. Aldous Huxley, in his introduction to this volume, disengages, as most characteristic of Lawrence's outlook, his theory of "Cosmic Pointlessness," his hatred of work for its own sake, and his contempt for transcendentalism or "spirituality." But there are certain strands which run vividly through the whole complex pattern; and perhaps the most distinct is the quality which Mr. Huxley calls "otherness."

Lawrence angrily repudiated the suggestion, made by a friend, that his world was not the world of other men. But indeed it was not. He, an intellectual above all things, sought to escape from the intellectual presentation of things into a kind of immediacy of being and of realising. Mr. Huxley well describes him as a "mystical materialist." "I feel my life," he writes in 1911, "burn like a free flame floating in oil—waving and leaping and snapping. I shall be glad to get it confined and conducted again." Or again: "My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and

"a mental reaction," "a hopelessly cerebral affair." He was resolved (so he professed) to disembarass the "basic physical realities" of these "cerebral" entanglements.

All this sounds like the language of mere paradox; and paradox it was, though none the less real to Lawrence on that account. It is manifest that this divorce of mind and



THE WRITER OF THE LETTERS AND THEIR EDITOR AT BANDOL, VAR, IN 1929: D. H. LAWRENCE (RIGHT) AND ALDOUS HUXLEY.

Reproductions by Courtesy of William Heinemann, Ltd., Publishers of "The Letters of D. H. Lawrence."

flesh is utterly arbitrary and ignores the most elementary physiological facts: what truth it contains is metaphorical only, and to erect metaphor into dogma is one of the most dangerous, and one of the most common, of fallacies. The tragic contradiction of D. H. Lawrence was that his attempt to escape from the tyranny of intellect was in reality the revolt of a fierce, consuming, insatiable intellectual force—never at rest for a moment in these letters—against itself. The reality, the immediacy, of experience after which he sought was only the incessant activity of that imagination in which, despite himself, his real life was lived. To that extent, he was a self-deluded man; he was also, for the greater part of his life, a phthisic man; and it is impossible to doubt that the torturing conflict of his mental and physical life has a pathological explanation.

His "otherness," therefore, became an intense, devouring self-concentration. He expresses the utmost reprobation of introversion, and chides one of his correspondents, in tones of savage contempt, with manhood-sapping introspection. Yet no life could have been more fatally introverted than his own. Disappointment, criticism, poverty, ill-health, persecution, the profound shock of the war—all these were more than enough to embitter him, or any man. "Really, for me," he writes as early as 1912, "it's been a devilish time ever since I was born." Courage never failed him, and there was nothing he despised more than cowardice, self-pity, and shrinking from life. As he wrote in his "Pansies"—

It's either you fight or you die,
Young Gents., you've got no option.

But we are conscious throughout these letters that there is some more deep-seated cause than these objective distresses for Lawrence's profound misanthropy. Again and again he expresses, almost with frenzy, his disgust at "people," especially "ordinary people." He was, throughout his life, as one cut off from his kind. He was more fortunate than most men in having friends who not only believed in his genius, but were devoted to him personally; yet he was always, essentially, alone. "One has no real human relations—that is so devastating." "Believe me, I am infinitely hurt by being thus torn off from the body of mankind, but so it is, and it is right. And believe me that I have wept tears enough, over the dead men and the unhappy women who were once one with me. Now, one can only submit, they are they, you are you, I am I—there is a separation, a separate isolated fate." His aloneness pursued him everywhere. Restlessly he wandered from place to place in the Old and the New World, always hoping to find, and never finding, the surroundings in which he could have his being with that "natural glow of life," that spontaneity of vitality which he sought the more feverishly as the "free flame floating in oil" flickered to extinction. No less fierce than his repudiation of "people" was his repudiation of works of art. Many literary names are mentioned in these pages—we have noted down, at random, Arnold Bennett, Strindberg, Wells, Bergson, Belló, Dostoevsky, Keats, Aldous Huxley, Proust, James Joyce, Bernard Shaw, Galsworthy—and not one escapes merciless relegation to the limbo of stupidity or falsity.

Always the "separate isolated fate." Man that is born of woman has to spend a considerable part of his life in finding some sort of reconciliation to life. The Eastern world has sought to find its anodyne in passionless impassivity, the Western world in the active self-extension which Christian doctrine calls Love. In neither of these refuges was there peace for D. H. Lawrence. The inner quietude he never seems to have achieved; and, except for one enduring human bond, Love was not in his heart—and therefore in his ears there was nothing but the perpetual maddening jangle of the tinkling cymbal and the sounding brass.

Even his creative gifts brought him little joy. He was seldom dissatisfied with what he wrote, but he produced it, not with a conscious delight in creation, but as one possessed. "It is a horrid feeling, not to be able to escape from one's own—what?—self-dæmon—fate, or something. I hate to have my own judgments clinched inside me involuntarily. But it is so." This note is sounded repeatedly: and he hates to give to the world the inmost promptings of his dæmon—there is a certain indecency in exposing such intimacies to the public gaze. "I loathe the book, because it will betray me to a parcel of fools." "My beloved book, I am sorry to give it to you to be printed. I could weep tears in my heart, when I read these pages." The misunderstandings of the "parcel of fools" increased these reluctances to the point of morbidity; he was extremely impatient of criticism, and the Puritanical misinterpretations of what he believed to be essentially innocent works of art reduced him to rage and despair. There are some sensitive natures which seem to attract hurts to themselves, and Lawrence was by his "separate isolated fate" one of them. The indignities which he suffered during the war, and the prosecutions of his books and pictures, turned him violently against his own country, for which (we gather from a peculiar religious interlude in these letters) at one time he hoped a great spiritual regeneration. But, if he hated Englishmen, he also hated Italians, Australians, Americans, and probably Mexicans! In such a storm of hatred and contempt, one marvels that life was tolerable at all. Yet Mr. Huxley tells us that, while he had health, Lawrence took an enormous zest in life, and "inhabited a brighter and intenser world, of which, while he spoke, he would make you free." In that world, and not in the world of men, his dæmon must have compensated him for much suffering.

He was misunderstood by the world; he was, perhaps, even more misunderstood by himself: but to his art, whatever value we "parcel of fools" may attach to it, he was faithful with a devotion which few men are capable of bestowing on any single object in their lives. The mind which is at work in these letters is of the most remarkable order. One's breath is constantly taken away by the sheer hammer-force of expression, the deadly stab of phrase, the swift flash of imagery. There are many descriptive passages of unchallengeable beauty. There are judgments—generally, alas! destructive—like a blow between the eyes. From the purely "literary" point of view, these letters must unquestionably take a commanding place in our language. They are, besides, an indispensable addendum to Lawrence's works; they contain poems unpublished, if we mistake not, elsewhere, an extremely illuminating résumé of the theme of "Sons and Lovers," and a strange, ecstatic Foreword to the same book. But, beyond the great gifts which they display, these letters



A DESIGN, TAKEN FROM AN ETRUSCAN TOMB, WORKED IN WOOL BY D. H. LAWRENCE AND HIS WIFE, FRIEDA.

says, is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge. All I want is to answer to my blood direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what-not. I consider a man's body as a kind of flame, like a candle-flame, forever up-right and yet flowing: and the intellect is just the light that is shed on to the things around."

This is the key to that aspect of Lawrence's writings which brought him most notoriety, and caused him most pain. Indecency in the ordinary sense, or mere sensuality, were repellent to him; Casanova, for example, disgusted him, and he condemned Mr. James Joyce in the most scathing terms. "You mustn't think I advocate perpetual sex. Far from it. Nothing nauseates me more than promiscuous sex in and out of season. But I want to make an adjustment in consciousness to the basic physical realities." Above all, men and women must keep "the natural glow of life." If only artificial reticences can be destroyed, if we can only cease to be afraid of mere words, the "natural glow" will continue vitally and healthily. What Lawrence complained of in modern writings was a type of sex "which exists in the head,"



LAWRENCE'S GRAVE AT VENCE, ALPES MARITIMES; WITH NO HEADSTONE "SAVE A PHENIX (WHICH WAS HIS OWN DESIGN), DONE IN LOCAL STONES BY A PEASANT WHO LOVED HIM."

Lawrence, after a long and painful illness, died at the Villa Robermond, Vence, on March 2, 1930, and is buried in the local cemetery.

of twenty years will hold an imperishable interest as a mosaic of one of the most baffling personalities of modern English literature. A slightly different adjustment of hormones—and what might it not have been?

C. K. A.

* "The Letters of D. H. Lawrence." Edited and with an Introduction by Aldous Huxley. (Heinemann; 21s. net.)



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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

CHINESE ART IN PERFECTION: TREASURES OF THE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION.

Reviewed by FRANK DAVIS.* (See also Colour Pages 717 and 718.)



THIS very beautiful book* is, like its predecessors of the same format and price, a worthy tribute to the taste and judgment of the owner of the finest collection of Chinese Art in Europe, and to the erudition of the cataloguer, Dr. W. P. Yetts.

Some notion of the quality of the illustrations is to be seen in the two colour-plates which will be found elsewhere in this issue, and these will also give an idea of the rarity and beauty of the more important objects in the collection. If the descriptive part of the catalogue errs at all, it is in understatement—to which the learned compiler will no doubt reply that his business is to set down facts and not to distribute praise: whatever the reason, he remains completely unmoved in print at the sight of the lovely figure of Plate 71. What easy grace, what life, what movement!—how well observed, how simple!—and how cunningly contrived the balance of head-dress, scarf, and arms! Be it noted also that presumably the back view was originally unseen—there are indications that it has been painted later than the front—but that, none the less, there are no signs of skimping: this figure, like most others of its type,

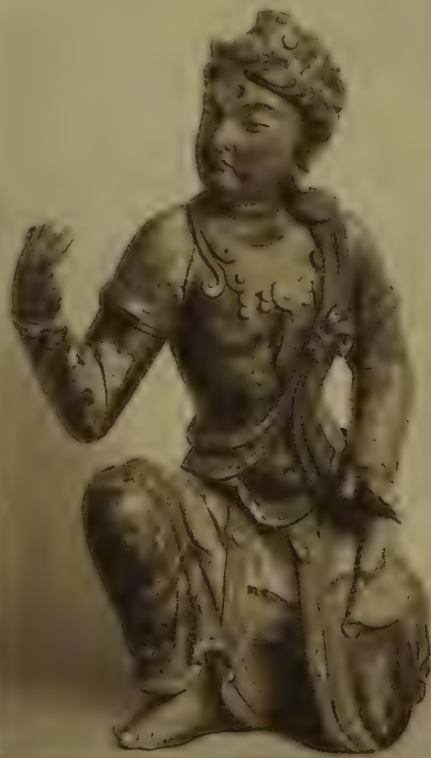
entry into Nirvana, the person of Buddha was not represented in the country of his birth, but was indicated by symbols—the footprint, tree, wheel, etc. In course of time, the popular demand for a visible object of worship became strong enough to break down the original restraint. As for the early days of Buddhism in China itself, the following is to the point: "Scantiness of information concerning the progress of Buddhism in China during the opening centuries of our era is doubtless largely due to the disturbed state of the country. Wars with the Hsiung-nu, internal rebellions, and disasters brought about by eunuch domination caused the period of the Later Han to be one of turmoil, and this was followed by eighty years of strife while the country was divided into the Three Kingdoms.

"Few local records have survived the frequent sacking and destruction of towns, and the fortunes of an alien religion interested the dynastic chroniclers only when political issues were involved." There is, however, ample proof that by the third century A.D. Buddhism was a firmly established religion, with temples and monasteries; and that images of the Buddha were made in the first century of our era, originally, no doubt, mere copies of Indian models. That so few of the earlier sculptures have survived is easily explained, not only by the vicissitudes of war and banditry, but by the vagaries of government. The author gives a brief *résumé* of B. S. M. de Groot's "Sectarianism and Religious Persecution in China: A Page in the History of Religions," and points out that the Chinese are a tolerant people as regards doctrine, and that official attacks upon organised religion have usually been dictated by political expediency. There have been many persecutions, from the fifth to the nineteenth centuries; several occasions when bronze in any and every form was swept into the official melting-pot to replenish a depleted treasury, and numerous instances in which the destruction of buildings and images has been deliberately carried out. All things considered, it is amazing how much has survived the perils of fifteen centuries.

A minor point, but one of extraordinary interest, is the suggestion that the Chinese found Buddhism when they were looking for a better breed of horses than they could produce in their own country. "The Emperor"—the Han Emperor Wu—"determined to obtain some of the superior horses from Ferghana, and to this end sent an embassy, and later two military expeditions, which eventually, after the loss of several hundred thousand lives and a vast expenditure of material, resulted in a score or two of the superior horses being brought to China. The outcome amounted to much more than that: by 101 B.C., Chinese prestige had been firmly established all along the route to the Pamirs . . . and the quest for the superior horse was a primary factor in bringing about the introduction of Buddhism into China, since the latter is to be counted among the foreign importations rendered possible by the newly secured contacts. A minor result may have been Chinese familiarity with the animal art of Western Asia, perhaps exhibited on trappings carried by the horses from Ferghana. Support for the surmise is found in the fact that certain Luristan bronzes and Chinese buckles of the Han period have features in common."

(Readers will perhaps remember some colour-plates of Luristan bronzes at the time of the Persian Exhibition. More recently, in our issue of Oct. 22 last, the possible significance of this trade in horses in the history of Chinese Art, was discussed by Mr. Upham Pope in an extremely interesting article on Luristan bronzes.)

But, whatever the original inspiration of a particular phase of art, there appears to be nothing the Chinese took over from a different culture which they did not adorn and, at the same time, make wholly their own—a statement which requires no further proof than the fine head of Fig. 1. A definite date cannot be assigned to this piece—which is of cast iron—for the type, says Dr. Yetts, is a late one which continued for many centuries; but it will serve well enough as an example of the virtues, as well as of the virtuosity, of the Chinese craftsman. Working to a strictly formal pattern, he has given this head a brooding intensity which is infinitely more impressive than strict truth to nature; or, rather, it is strictly true to nature just because it avoids a photographic accuracy. I must leave to others better qualified the task of judging how far this is a genuinely religious conception—or, indeed, whether the Chinese were capable of deep religious feeling at all. But it is this sort of sculpture that makes some of us wonder whether Europe has ever attained to quite this height of achievement.



2. THE FRONT VIEW OF THE KNEELING BODDHISATVA, WHOSE BACK IS REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON PAGE 717 IN THIS ISSUE: A FIGURE DATING FROM THE MING PERIOD (1368-1644), OR EARLIER, IN THE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION. (HEIGHT 2 FT. 6 IN.)

Chinese were capable of deep religious feeling at all. But it is this sort of sculpture that makes some of us wonder whether Europe has ever attained to quite this height of achievement.



1. THE SEVERED HEAD OF A COLOSSAL FIGURE OF A BUDDHA IN CAST IRON: A PIECE OF GREAT BEAUTY IN THE FAMOUS EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION. (HEIGHT 12½ IN.)

"The metal of this head is about a quarter of an inch thick," writes Dr. Yetts, in his description, "and its surface is covered with a layer of a substance like gesso, upon which traces of gilding and pigment remain. Apparently all was originally gilt, except the hair, the lips, and perhaps the eyeballs." A definite date, Dr. Yetts says, cannot be assigned to it. The type is a late one, which continued for many centuries.

Photographs reproduced from "The George Eumorfopoulos Collection; Catalogue of the Chinese and Korean Bronzes . . ." by W. Perceval Yetts (Vol. 3), by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd.

is as fully modelled in the round as if it was intended, not for a shrine with a background, but for the centre of a modern art exhibition—incidentally, if it found its way into the sculpture room of the Academy, it would make some of the exhibits look rather cheap.

The Introduction is a most valuable essay upon Buddhist iconography, and the early history of Buddhism in China. There is a bibliography of 255 books and articles, which opens with the remark: "Completeness is not claimed for the following list; it comprises works consulted in the preparation of this volume." One can do no more than indicate the main conclusions. Up to 400 years after his



3. A PAINTED STUCCO FIGURE, IN HIGH RELIEF, OF A BEING DESCENDING THROUGH THE AIR, AND CARRYING A BOWL: ANOTHER GEM OF THE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION. (HEIGHT 2 FT. 9½ IN.)

This figure evidently formed part of a large composition. It closely resembles in design one sculptured on the large stele of A.D. 543 in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The latter represents the Bodhisattva bringing the bowl of perfume-food from the world of Gandhakuta Buddha. Both this and the illustration above are reproduced in colour in the "Catalogue."

* "The George Eumorfopoulos Collection; Catalogue of the Chinese and Korean Bronzes, Sculpture, Jades, Jewellery and Miscellaneous Objects. (Vol. 3, 'Buddhist Sculpture')." By W. Perceval Yetts. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; £12 12s. net.)

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Other photographs of the well-known Naturalist's designs appear on page 715.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

GREAT VIRTUOSOS.

THERE are, no doubt, many people still living who have heard Liszt, Rubinstein, and von Bülow play the pianoforte, but they must be getting rapidly fewer, and I, at any rate, have only met with one such person. But all these memories are being revived by the presence in London of Schnabel, who is playing all Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas in a series of seven recitals at the Queen's Hall. Among living virtuosos, Artur Schnabel must be given the first place if we test him by the standard of musicianship and virtuosity combined. There may be a very few other very great pianists—such, for example, as Rachmaninov and Paderewski, who possess unique qualities—but if we are to look for the combination of the highest qualities of musicianship and virtuosity, I do not know where else to find it apart from Schnabel.

My one acquaintance, a man of ripe musical culture, who had the privilege in his younger days of hearing that great triumvirate of the pianoforte, von Bülow, Liszt, and Rubinstein, tells me that he found von Bülow a pedantic player, and that to hear von Bülow play four Beethoven sonatas at a recital was really rather wearisome. He gives the same account as anybody else of Rubinstein—a wild player who occasionally smashed a string and played more than an occasional wrong note, but had an unparalleled brilliance—but his account of Liszt is not an attractive one. Liszt, he says, had a pearliness and evenness that resembled Pachmann at his best, but his playing was shallow. Certainly it is hard to believe, if we were to judge Liszt by his own music, that such a musician could do full justice to the greatest of Beethoven's work, and Beethoven must remain the supreme test of a pianist.

It is from this point of view that we are compelled to admit the supremacy of Schnabel. Like Liszt, he is himself a composer, and his own work is what is usually described as "very advanced." He belongs to the post-Schönberg school of German composers, but, like the most individual of the young German composers, such as Hindemith, Alban Berg, and others, he cannot be placed into any category. What is significant is that it takes the very greatest music to reveal the extent of Schnabel's quality as

a pianist. There may be one or two others with his exquisite sense and command of tone values, with his prodigious power and brilliance of technique, but where is there anybody with his profundity and subtlety of musical sense? If there exists another pianist who possesses it, I should like to hear him. In the meantime, we have to admit that when it comes to such works as Beethoven's last sonata and the "Hammerklavier" sonata, there is no pianist but Schnabel who is adequate to them. If one has not heard Schnabel play these works, one simply hasn't heard them at all—the gulf between his and all other conceptions I have ever heard of them is as great as that.

HAMILTON HARTY AND THE L.S.O.

It was a pleasure to welcome Sir Hamilton Harty in London, conducting the second concert this season of the London Symphony Orchestra. The first item was the "Meistersinger" overture, and it was clear that the L.S.O.'s performance of the Bach "Art of Fugue" at their first concert was no mere flash in the pan. They have reconstituted their orchestra and are greatly improved. They could not have put themselves into better hands than Sir Hamilton Harty, as his conducting of the "Meistersinger" overture and the second Sibelius symphony showed. Sir Hamilton Harty has often been the most satisfying and brilliant of our conductors, and he seems to be getting better and better. The "Meistersinger" overture was both brilliant and solid, with a satisfying balance that is not often achieved. In the Sibelius, he got the right rhapsodical energy combined with firm rhythmic control and beautiful detail. In fact, I consider that his is the best performance of this Sibelius symphony I have ever heard.

AN ILL-CHOSEN PROGRAMME.

It is all the more regrettable that after such a brilliant beginning this concert should have fizzled out, leaving a rather dismal impression. This was caused solely by the ill-chosen programme. If we had had several movements (instead of one) of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony to make up the second part of the programme after the interval, the concert would have been perfectly designed. Instead of taking an opportunity of letting us hear more of a rarely played and extremely interesting work, we were given three ill-assorted pieces—

Strauss's "Don Juan," an extract from Weinberger's "Schwanda, the Bagpipe-Player" (an opera which has had a great success on the Continent), and one movement of the Berlioz symphony.

The fugal excerpt from the Weinberger opera may be an amusing piece in its proper place, but its proper place is not the programme of a symphony concert. The theme itself is banal, and the fugal treatment is thoroughly commonplace in its effectiveness, and to hear the whole resources of the L.S.O., coupled with the Queen's Hall organ, dragged into the service of a piece of music whose rightful place is the bandstand of a seaside pier was a distressing experience after the really fine playing in the Wagner and Sibelius works. I hope Sir Hamilton Harty will take the greatest care with his future programmes. We all respect and admire his abilities, and London is as proud of the qualities of the conductor of the Hallé Orchestra as Manchester is, and has too much regard for his reputation to bear with equanimity his concern with such music as this of the Czech bagpipe-player and his "fugues in hell."—W. J. TURNER.

Readers of *The Illustrated London News* will be well advised to send for the humorously illustrated little book containing the complete series of Hysterical History advertisements issued by the makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. Application should be made to Dept. D.M.36, Chiswick Products, Ltd., Chiswick, W.4, sending 2d. stamp to cover postage.

Brock's fireworks are made by the oldest-established firm of firework makers in the world, and their factory employs about 450 workers. This year Brock's are again to the fore with fresh ideas to please young and old with firework novelties. Small boxes and large cases of all kinds of fireworks are available from five shillings to five guineas. Alternatively, one may obtain a "Cannon" for twopence or a "Devil Among the Tailors" for five shillings. In addition to fireworks for Guy Fawkes celebrations, Brock's also supply cracker novelties for use at Christmas time. Amongst these are "Joke Bombs" (a new method for distributing toys among children or cigarettes for the grown-ups), "Conjuror's Crackers," "Head-Dress Crackers," "Wonder Bottles," "Streamer Shooters," and many other amusing and useful items. They are on sale everywhere.

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THE SPORTSMAN'S BEST SELECTION

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MIRACLE AT VERDUN," AT THE COMEDY.

THERE is a lack of humanity about this play that makes it less great than it might otherwise have been. There is no warmth, no heart in it, only bitterness. Surely the dead, who rose from a communal grave, German, French, and English, would first have talked of their wives, children, friends, rather than of politics? It is this cold-bloodedness that makes the play seem over-rated. Yet that it does affect many is proved by the fact that the patrons of the Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage, where it was first produced, have banded together to provide the capital to stage it in the West End. It is impressive enough. In the first act we see a crowd of trippers visiting the battlefields in the Argonne, and complaining that they are not getting their money's worth. Then the miracle happens: the dead rise from their graves and return to their homes, to find themselves unhonoured and unwanted, their sacrifices in vain in a world already preparing for a further and greater war. Their wives have remarried, and their jobs have been filled. Their friends are alarmed at the thought of the millions of dead returning to life and joining in the economic struggle for existence. So, disillusioned, they retreat from a world to save which they have died in vain, and return to the oblivion of the grave. The play has been cleverly staged by Mr. André van Gyseghe, and is finely played by, among others too numerous to mention, Messrs. Huntley Wright, D. A. Clarke-Smith, Charles Carson, Frank Cochrane, and Gilbert Davis.

"ONCE A HUSBAND," AT THE HAYMARKET.

If acting and production could ensure the success of a play, this comedy should settle down for a long run; but so slight and unoriginal is it, a complete triumph seems doubtful. It is the old story of the husband who returns home on the eve of a decree nisi against him being made absolute. The matter is somewhat complicated by the fact that his wife is about to marry a young man a dozen years her junior. But with Miss Fay Compton as the wife, and Mr. Owen Nares as the husband, the experienced playgoer will see the inevitability of their happy reunion. Miss Compton displayed a wayward charm as the

wife, and Mr. Nares played the husband with polish and humour. Miss Jane Baxter and Mr. Robert Andrews gave nice performances as a friend and the fiancé respectively. The joy of the evening was Mr. Cyril Maude's return to the stage as a peppery but good-natured Admiral. He contrived to give life to a very stock figure.

"MY HAT!" AT THE NEW.

Though described as a new farce comedy, there is a curiously old-fashioned air about this latest offering of Messrs. Leslie Henson and Firth Shephard, whose previous excursions into management have added to the gaiety of London. There is, for instance, a bluff Yorkshireman (well played by Mr. Frank Pettingell) who, in a very unlikely manner, leaves lying about enough high explosive to blow the whole of Park Lane, in which locality the play is situated, sky-high. There is also a young lady—his daughter—who is addicted to walking in her sleep along the parapet of the Porchester House Hotel; she also has the habit, when in a somnambulistic state, of throwing her arms round the neck of the nearest male. As, for dramatic purposes, the man thus embraced is debarred from explaining the real facts of the case to his jealous wife, there are innumerable complications. Unreal, even for farce, as the situations are, the dialogue is even poorer, and Messrs. Hugh Wakefield, Lawrence Grossmith, and Jack Hobbs struggled vainly to get laughs. The one bright spot in a somewhat dull evening was Miss Kay Hammond's performance as Emmie, the chambermaid. Had her material been of even average merit, she might have saved the play.

"NEVER COME BACK," AT THE PHOENIX.

"The more I write of dukes, the more I think of crooks," Mr. Frederick Lonsdale seems to be saying in this comedy. Here again, as in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," we are shown an essentially decent crook against a background of futile and artificial aristocrats. Smith, the hero, is indeed one of nature's gentlemen. True, he steals a fellow-guest's pocket-book at a house-party, but does he not gladly share its contents with a confederate? Does he not shield the heroine, Mary Linkley, when she steals a diamond bracelet from her mother, because that good lady has stopped her allowance and insisted on her marrying

into the peerage? And did he not, noblest act of all, deal the young lady four aces in a game of poker, so that she was able to win some thousands of pounds from an unfortunate opponent who thought he was "sitting pretty" with four kings? Smith's habit of helping himself to jewellery is so deeply rooted that at the end of the play, when he is professing his love for the heroine, and announcing his intention of leading a nobler life, he is unable to restrain himself from stealing a ring from her finger. When trudging the paths of honesty, Smith would appear to have a future on the variety stage as a sleight-of-hand performer, and it was, perhaps, the hope of this that led Mary Linkley to follow him into the unknown. The moral tone of this play is deplorable, but it is fairly amusing, though far from the best comedy Mr. Lonsdale has given us. It is admirably acted by a brilliant cast that included Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Adrienne Allen, Miss Nora Swinburne, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. Athole Stewart, Mr. Raymond Massey, and Mr. Frank Allenby, the last scoring very heavily in the rôle of a philosophic detective.

"ALL FOR JOY," AT THE PICCADILLY.

Handicapped by a very dull book, which tells at some length of the efforts made by a millionaire grocer to pass himself off as a solicitor, with the view to impressing an aristocratic acquaintance, this musical comedy never succeeds in being entertaining, despite the efforts of Miss Constance Carpenter, Miss Sydney Fairbrother, and Mr. Chick Farr. The score is moderately melodious, and there is a lively enough chorus, but the whole is only likely to entertain those easily pleased.

The Royal Photographic Society's annual publication well maintains this year the very high standard of previous years, both in the interest and beauty of the subject-matter selected and in the attractiveness of presentation. "The Year's Photography, 1932-1933" is published at 2s. 6d. It contains seventy-four admirable reproductions from the Society's Exhibition, as well as articles on "Pictorial Photography," by Paul Fripp, A.R.C.A., F.R.P.S.; "The Lantern Slides," by J. Dudley Johnston, Hon. F.R.P.S.; "Nature Photography," by Oliver G. Pike, F.R.P.S., F.Z.S., M.B.O.U.; and "The Protean Art," by H. Baines, D.Sc., F.I.C., F.R.P.S.

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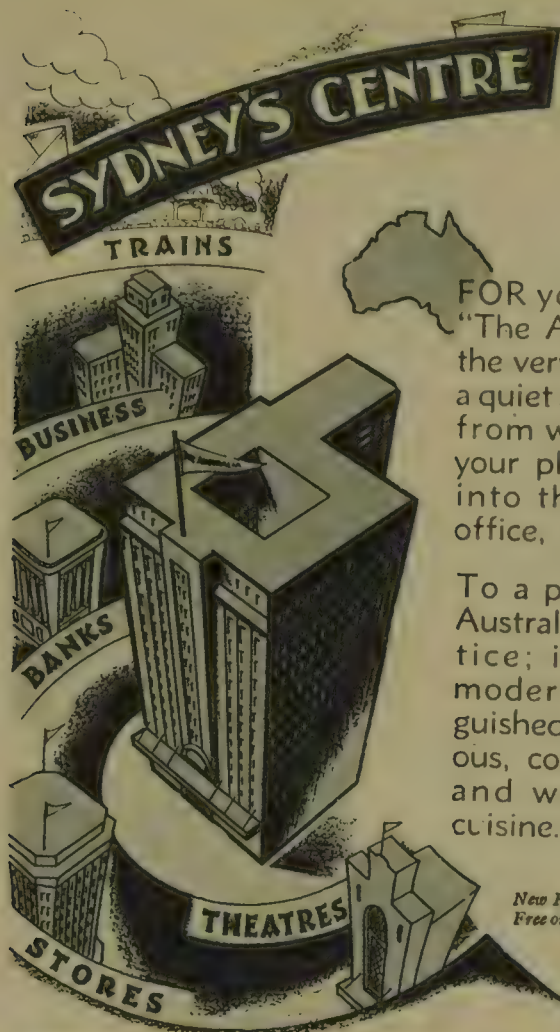
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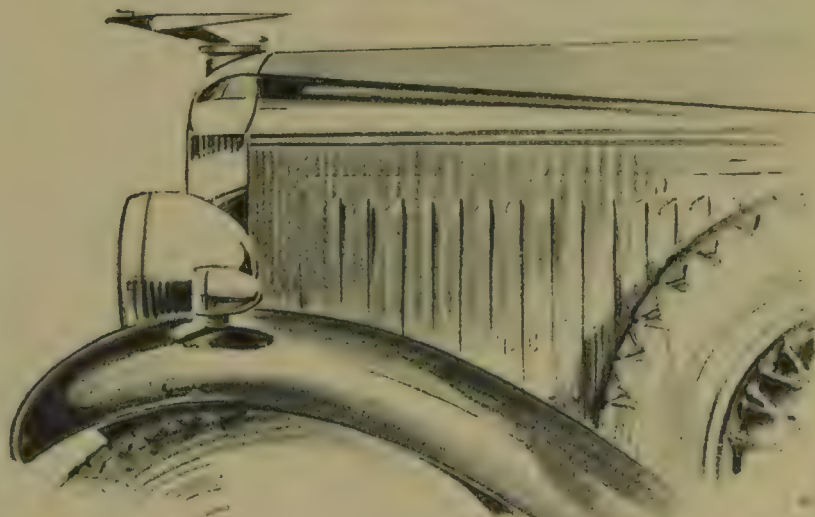
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CAPT. JOHN P. BLACKE, DIRECTOR AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY, WHICH HAS JUST ANNOUNCED A DIVIDEND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE YEARS.

ON Friday, Nov. 11, Armistice Day and Martinmas, the Scottish Motor Show opens at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, where all the cars which were on view at Olympia, Hammersmith, make their appearance on the stands at this hall. No doubt the display of some three to four hundred cars here will attract many visitors from the Midlands and the North to inspect the carriages—especially those who wished to have travelled South, but were unable to do so, from various causes. The roads to the North are in excellent condition at the present time, notwithstanding the wet weather, but I must warn intending motorists that they should carry chains to fit on the wheels of their cars should "Jack Frost" put in an early appearance. As a matter of precaution, every car should include chains in its kit now that November is here, as frost at night makes the roads very dangerous, no matter how good the surface conditions are under ordinary wet or fine weather. Even in southern England there was frost several evenings in late October, and cars had to have rope bound round the wheels and tyres (if no chains were handy) by motorists

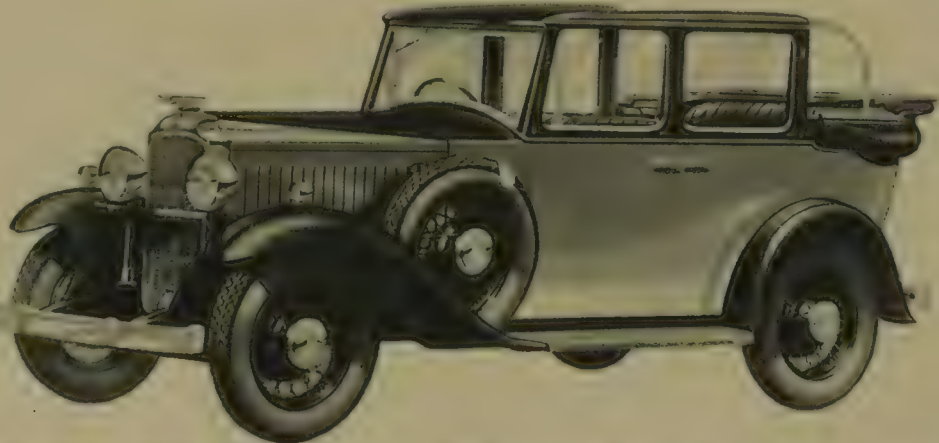
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

a "spot of trouble" (to quote the comedian) on the road home—not to mention the annoyance of having to drive with poor or bad lights on roads apt to be somewhat misty in the early hours of the morning. A cynic who was also careless in these matters

cyclists (often without back lamps), and pedestrians with no lights at all. Except in a dense fog a few years ago, when, in Sutton Common Road, I nearly ran down a policeman walking by the kerb of the road and not on the footpath, this allocation of lighting

has saved me frequently from accidents of that nature. Also to-day the driver of the modern car frequently cannot see the near-side edge of the wings or mudguard unless a wing post is fitted as a guide. Consequently, there have been several cases recently of motorists striking with the wings of their cars pedestrians who were walking on the footpath, without



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remarked to me, after being let down by the lamps on one of these occasions, that he believed that these dinners and dances were held during the winter months because they helped the motor trade to obtain extra business in boosting batteries and selling new lamps.

His remarks reminded me of the story of the two partners determined to beat trade depression. On meeting a friend, who asked them how they were getting on together, one of the pair said, "Yes; me and Bill are in partnership in selling, but we don't carry the same goods."

"How's that?" asked the friend.

even realising that such an accident had ever happened.

Wing Posts.

If such cars had been fitted with wing posts, and the lamps had thrown their light sufficiently wide to indicate persons walking on the near-side of the road, it is doubtful whether the accidents would have occurred. There seems a prejudice by some drivers against fitting guides to indicate how near or far away the car is from the kerb when they cannot see the outer edge of the near-side wing. It is ridiculous to suppose that everybody would imagine they were novice drivers if they used such wing posts, as I know that all the most experienced and capable drivers agree with my view that it is asking for trouble not to be able to see instead of guessing the distance when it comes to inches between safety and danger. The proof of this was given in the Royal Scottish Automobile Club Rally, when, out of nearly 100 drivers, a bare dozen or so received marks for parking their car within five inches, yet not touching, a white board laid down in the road to represent the kerb of a footpath. Only the drivers who could see the edge of the wing on the near-side succeeded in gaining the marks for that performance; none of the guessers gained marks, and among them were some quite eminent competition drivers. Hence "safety by sight" should be the motto of every driver, both at night and in the day time.

(Continued overleaf.)



AN INTERESTING OLD CAR: A 1902 DE DION BOUTON; WITH (INSET) THE PLAQUE OF THE ORIGINAL DEALER, MR. WILLIAM ROOTES, THE FOUNDER OF THE PRESENT FIRM OF ROOTES LTD.

The dealer's name-plate illustrated here is on the bonnet of the car, which has had a curious history. It formed part of a fleet purchased in the early days, and the cars were kept untouched for some twenty years, until, quite recently, the fleet was dispersed, and this car discovered by its present owner on a scrap-heap near Reading.

who had dined and danced in London and were returning home to places south of Sutton, Surrey.

To-night (Saturday, Nov. 5) the Motor-Cycling Club holds its twenty-sixth annual dinner and dance at the Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, London, and I learn from Mr. J. F. Crumdale, the Club captain, that all the well-known racing motorists and motorcyclists will be present, besides guests from other motor organisations from all parts of Great Britain. These social events of the various motoring clubs are in full swing at this season of the year, as the Light Car Club held their dinner and dance on Nov. 4, while the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club are holding theirs at the Savoy Hotel, London, on Friday, Nov. 18. This latter function will be followed by the annual dinner of the Automobile Golfing Society, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, on Nov. 22, with Sir George Beharrell in the chair.

Night Driving.

All these occasions entail a considerable amount of night driving, so that lamps and batteries, to say nothing about parking lights and tail-lamps, have rather more than their usual quota of work to do. The result of inattention in seeing that the filaments are not too old and that the battery is full of "juice" often means

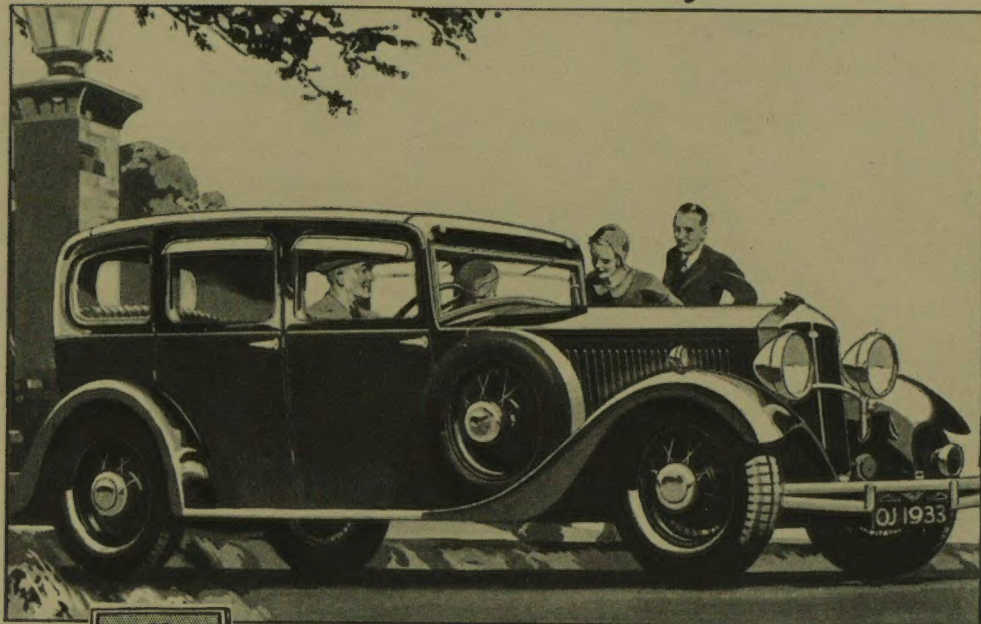
"Well, Bill goes round selling a stove polish which leaves a stain on your fingers, and two days later I call on his customers with the only soap which will take the stain off!"

In driving at night I have found that I can manage to average a fairly reasonable speed with the near-side lamp permanently dipped and the off-side headlight throwing its beams straight ahead and dipping only when meeting other traffic. By this arrangement, I always have a strong light of a diffused character thrown on that part of the road usually occupied by



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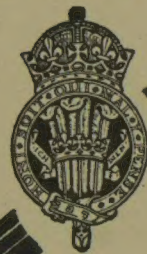
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Thur.	17th	"	Royal Reg. of Artillery
Fri.	18th	"	Met. Police "A" Division
Sat.	19th	"	The British Legion, M.B.
Mon.	21st	"	H.M. Royal Air Force
Tues.	22nd	"	8th King's Royal Irish H.
Wed.	23rd	"	H.M. Royal Marines
Thur.	24th	"	Royal Naval School of Music
Fri.	25th	"	H.M. Royal Horse Guards

(Continued.)

Automatic Devices.

Motorists will find within a short period of time that there will be nothing left for the driver to do but steer and control the speed of any car. Already hand control has been abolished for the regulation of the temperature of the cooling water, as this is now set by the car-maker before the vehicles leave the works, and a thermostatic-operated valve opens and closes either to short circuit the water itself or open or close the shutters controlling the exposed cooling surface of the radiator, to keep the engine at its best working temperature. A few cars also have a similar automatic control of the temperature of the oil in the engine sump. This will become universal some day as a serious component of every car, because it saves oil being wasted or spoilt, as well as more efficiently lubricating the power unit. A large number of new cars are fitted with the automatic engine-starter, which, as long as the ignition is switched on, re-starts the electric engine-starter to crank up the engine, whether it "stalls" or stops on the road by accident or is switched off and switched on again by the driver. Therefore, while wise motorists will still swing their engine by hand in very cold weather, before switching on the ignition to allow the automatic "Startix" to perform its task of starting up the electric motor or starter to swing the engine, the large majority of drivers will be content to let the battery and the automatic starter-control do the work. The driver will only turn a key in the ignition lock. So automatic is the control of the motor-car becoming that already the pre-selector gear, or automatic changing of ratio in the gear-box, is being fitted by several makers on their chassis. And there are several other automatic gear changes promised on other cars in the course of production. But I should like to make a protest against any more work being given to the present over-loaded electric accumulator or battery. I hope that all cars fitted with automatic starters will have extra-large accumulators and additional charging power in the dynamo provided on them. Otherwise, I can foresee some trouble in shortage of electric current when it is most needed.

Team Work.

A net profit of 500 per cent. in two years was the welcome report made by the chairman of the Standard Motor Company at the annual general meeting early last week.

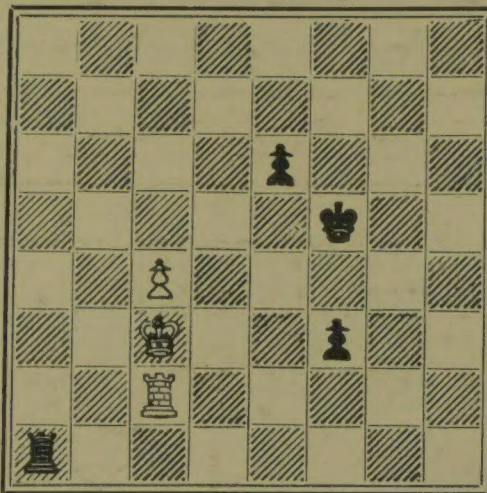
CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

GAME PROBLEM No. LXXI.

BLACK (4 pieces).



WHITE (3 pieces).

This week's Game Problem, from the *Sunday Referee* Tourney, looks easy. Black to move and win. In the actual game Black, a first-class master, moved, but did not win. He played PK4—5—6, allowing White to play PB5—6—7, and the position is drawn. We think our readers will find the *modus operandi* by which Black gets a won game in a very few moves.

"LONDON TOURNAMENT BOOK (1932)."

The games of this tournament, organised by the *Sunday Referee* and won by Dr. Alekhin, have now been issued in book form, edited by Mr. Hatton-Ward, who is to be congratulated upon the accuracy of the scores, notes, and diagrams. There seems to have been a fair amount of inaccurate play in this tournament, but the notes are by the world-champion himself, and thus great value and interest are given to the games, even to those which are fluky and unsound. Dr. Alekhin's unrivalled analytical insight enables him to point out, with a clarity and directness only limited by his innate politeness, the occasional dimness of vision which handicaps his weaker brethren—and sisters, and the book is thus especially valuable to those players, not quite of the first class, who find it a struggle to see into the minds of masters through the notes which usually accompany their published games. (Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1; price, six shillings.)

Such results in the midst of the general decline of the world's commerce are so striking that an analysis of the company's method is of vital interest. This, which was planned some two years ago by the company's young and energetic director and general manager, Captain John P. Blacke, is none other than the conversion of every one of the factory employees into a profit-sharer. Groups of workers are organised, and, instead of an individual workman being paid for piecework, the team is paid according to output. Similarly, clerks, and those whose work is necessarily confined to themselves, are paid commission on sales. To show how successfully this system operates from the workers' point of view, there are men who last week earned as much as 125 per cent. more than their normal Union wages for their particular jobs. To Captain J. P. Blacke, who organised this profit-sharing scheme, and who must be one of the most advanced and successful young men in British industry to-day, goes the envy of the trade and the admiration of the world: and also to Mr. Maudsley, the Chairman, who had the foresight and audacity to put this young man in charge of the whole Standard factory, above the heads, in some cases, of men twice his age. Captain Blacke is a modern giant, for when he joined the Standard Company it was veering dangerously off the road. Not only has he guided it back to the highway, he has driven it ahead, and is keeping his foot well down on the accelerator!

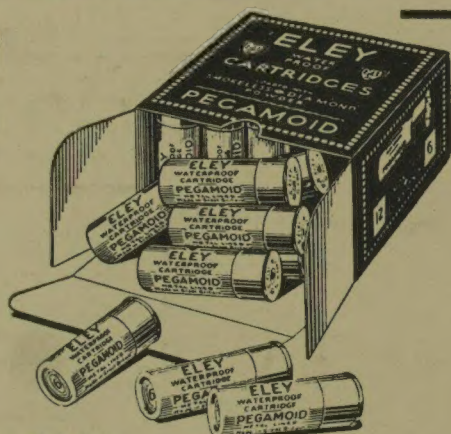
There are a number of innovations in the winter-sports world this year—among them the establishment of hostels for the younger generation. A host and hostess, in the men's and women's hostels respectively, will look after the social well-being of their guests, while prices, of course, will be in keeping with the simplicity of the arrangements. Initiation parties are being run, as in former years, by Thos. Cook and Son. They send these parties with competent couriers, and arrange for the teaching of skiing, skating, and all the other sports, whenever desired, which provides a convenient way for the novice to obtain an introduction to the mysteries of winter sports. Full particulars of these parties and the hostels, as well as descriptive notes on the chief winter-sports resorts, will be found in the profusely illustrated handbook, "Winter Sports," issued by Cook's. It may be had free from any of their offices.

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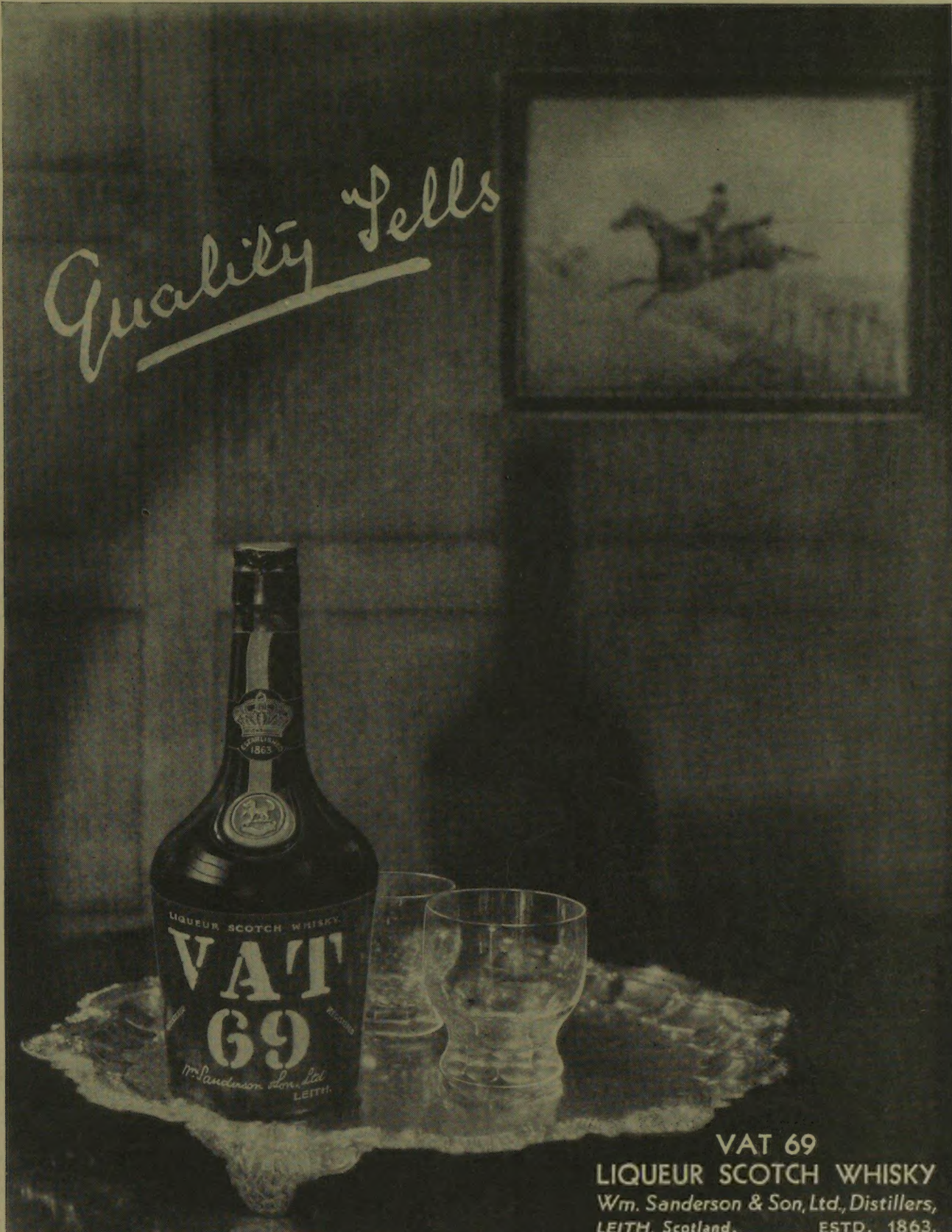
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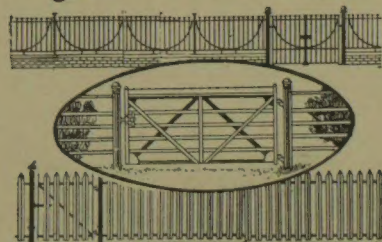
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